War Cry

The All Round the World

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

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THE GENERAL'S TOUR THROUGH ONTARIO.

London, Hamilton, Owen Sound, Palmerston and Woodstock Visited.

MAGNIFICENT RECEPTIONS.

His Last Days in the Dominion.

THE General's prayer at the Barrie depot had no sooner closed, than we were on the cars, bumping and jolting as only these Northern railroads can bump and jolt, hurrying on our journey to

OWEN SOUND,

and, notwithstanding all the distress and tedium of the journey, were in pretty good trim when we reached the depot at 1.30 p.m. On the arrival of the General, a procession was formed through the principal streets of the town. First came the Staff Band from Toronto and the band of the local Corps, then a carriage containing the General, seated with Jas. C. Miller, Esq., Dep. Reeve, who entertained the General during his stay, and Col. Dowdle and Commissioner Coombs. After this came the Meaford contingent in waggons, and large numbers of the Army on foot. We marched to the new barracks and then dispersed for rations, to meet again for

A HOLINESS—TALK

with Colonel Dowdle at 3 o'clock. God came upon us powerfully and gave the Colonel a great amount of liberty. Bro. Miller gave a good testimony for his aged father who, although present, was too ill to speak. When the Colonel gave the invitation, several were found coming forward to make a full surrender and be filled with God, Who, according to His precious promise, met and supplied all their needs.

OPENING OF THE NEW BARRACKS.

At 7.15 the troops, headed by the bands, had a torch-light procession around the town. While they were out, the barracks was rapidly filling up with a crowd of citizens, and by the time the Army made its appearance and took up position on the platform the building was filled. A few minutes after the General appeared, accompanied by his Staff Officers, and was accorded an enthusiastic salute as he moved to his place.

The meeting was formally opened by Commissioner Coombs giving out a hymn, which was sung with great gusto by the Army, with band accompaniment, to the tune of "Shout aloud Salvation." Then followed a prayer by Col. Dowdle, after which the General asked them all to sing—

"All I have I am bringing to Thee;
In Thy steps I will follow,
Come joy or come sorrow,
Dear Saviour I'm following Thee."

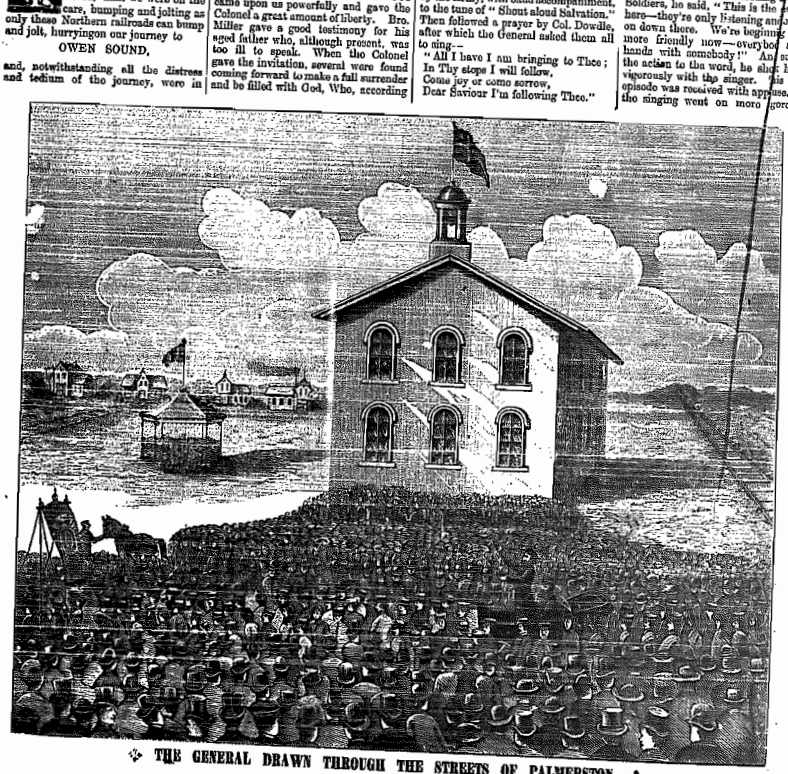
Then came a prayer by Commissioner Coombs, after which Capt. Young from Nova Scotia started to sing his Army experience, commencing—

"I was a wild young fellow,
My heart was full of sin."

The chorus which was taken up with great zest by the Army, was—

"I'll praise Him while I live:
I'll praise Him when I die,
Amongst the happy angels up above."

The General, in a pause after the chorus, exclaimed, "That's right! If we praise while we live, of course we'll praise when we die!"—Then looking at the Soldiers, he said, "This is the fair up here—they're only listening and looking on down there. We're beginning to get more friendly now—everybody shake hands with somebody!" And suiting the action to the word, he shook hands vigorously with the singer. This little episode was received with applause, and the singing went on more vigorously



THE GENERAL DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF PALMERSTON.

than ever.

Col. Dowdle then gave a brief address, which was followed by all striking up—

"The Army will be ready when He comes."

After which the General gave a long, clear and convincing address, as to the why and wherefore of the Army's existence, which must have carried conviction to the heart of every opponent or half-hearted supporter, and which threw out the seed which yet shall bloom into a harvest of love and esteem in the hearts of the Owen Sounders, for the people who, for the sheer love of the souls of her citizens, have fought a long and struggling battle for the right. The new Barracks is a compact, neat little fortress, and opened under such happy circumstances, will prove, we believe, under God, a rich and lasting blessing to the sad, the sorrowing, and the sinful of the community. May it be so.

RUFUS.

THE PALMERSTON VISIT.

AN OUT AND OUT RECEPTION.

We remember some weeks ago there was a doubt as to the advisability of the General visiting this little town, not that there was any fear of the reception, as far as this blood and fire corps was concerned, but it was thought that the resources of the place might be over taxed by the influx of visitors, that the event would be sure to occasion and we hardly expected that our friends would meet with the comfort and accommodation they would reasonably require. But sometimes out of the smallest material the greatest results are obtained, but be this as it may this Palmerston affair stands out from all the long line of wonderful gatherings of the past few weeks, conspicuous from the genuine hearty thoroughness of the reception and the kindness cordiality and genuine hospitality of its people. We are quite sure that every one from the General down who were privileged to take part in the proceedings will ever have a tender memory in their hearts for Palmerston, its D. O., its Soldiers, and its people.

You can hear these Soldiers before you see them and they were so marshalled by the D. O. and Special that you could see them long before you reached them, and what a sight it was. Row after row of

BLOOD AND FIRE SOLDIERS

in full uniform, and not at all ashamed of it either. Indeed as we gazed at these troops massed for the reception of their honoured leader, and looking at all the difficulty and scantiness of material that has been the draw back of this division the truth of the prophecy came very vividly to our minds. Yes! indeed "Here is a people who were once not a people" a people gathered in and built up sollidified and substantiated by the power of God through the instrumentality of the Army. And we could not but think that here again is another proof of

THE GOD MIND,

in our movement, if it were needed when we remember how this very district has been honey-combed and undermined with imitations and movements based upon selfishness and selfish ideas rather than upon a singleness of purpose to God's glory and the direction of His voice.

To describe the men and women who made up that group would occupy all the space that our dear editor has at his disposal. But if we might offer a suggestion to him we think it would be a good plan to write to the Major of the division for some particulars as regards a few of them, and we are perfectly clear that they would be a matter of the deepest interest to thousands of the WAR CRY readers.

However to business we were soon out of the cars, and the General was received with a ringing volley, and as soon as he and the Commissioner were mounted in the Chariot away went the procession to the square in front of the market house. What a crowd, and as he addressed them tears were seen upon the faces of many, and hundreds standing round rejoiced in God for raising up such a man and such an Army, and above all such a Saviour who through these weak things had revealed such a depth of pity, and such an ocean of love.

No sooner had the General finished speaking than the horse was unharnessed and a band of these

PALMERSTON BRAVES

rushed to the shafts and whiffle-trees, and the chariot containing the General and Commissioner was drawn by willing hands through the streets whilst the shouts and Hallelujahs of the crowds almost silenced the splendid playing of the Staff Band, as the procession passed on.

How shall we describe the afternoon meeting, talk about waves of glory truely they did roll upon us. The General spoke with great power, and the vast crowd of Soldiers whilst enjoying it were brought up to a point where they understood their position before God, and were ready to seek the cleansing, healing Bethesda that would be opened in the all night meeting.

The night meeting was simply splendid, the building which by the way is a most beautiful one having been painted and fixed up already for these meetings was literally packed to the doors and the crowds were held spell-bound as the General spoke. Bill Cooper's song (of course we mean the adjutant) also went with power and effect and the soldiers lustily joined in every part of the proceedings, in fact they

UNDERSTAND THE ARMY.

One dear fellow said to us "it's the likes of such chaps as me that knows what good the Army is doing, see what a drunkard I was and the thousands I have squandered in drink, I tell you it's such as I that know the good that is being done," and as our hearts went out in thankfulness to the Giver of all good we thought here we have it again it's just another case of "once I was blind but now I see." It is a fact we were more than convinced after that meeting at Palmerston that the Salvation Army is

JUST THE THING
FOR CANADA!

The all night of prayer, a night of prayer and a morning of light and praise, what shall we say about it? It was grand, it was glorious—what a giving up, what a sweeping away of idols. I tell you the devil is going to have warm times from this out in the Palmerston Division.

By the way Mr. Editor, why is it that the General didn't visit? Well I wont say where. I suppose he like other people cannot do impossibilities. One thing I'm glad he has come, and I'm glad I went a journey to hear and see him. Of course if I had stayed at home and grumbled because he didn't come to our corps I should not have heard him and should have missed the blessing God sent to me through him. God bless the General and all that didn't hear him as well as those that did.

CULROSS.

THE LONDON DEMONSTRATION.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.

Early Saturday morning the General and Staff were again on the road, this time for a two days campaign in London. The reception was all that could be desired, every where not only the General and Staff but the most obscure visiting soldier was received with every possible respect and kindness. The authorities gave every possible assistance, and indeed the police seemed and we are sure were engaged in to themselves a far more pleasing duty than they were some two years ago when the Forest City had such a fearful attack of

DRUMOPHOBIA

and Salvationists were jailed by the dozen, and thousands of the city's wealth was squandered in feeding an attenuated ox with which they vainly sought to stop a lightning express whose propelling power instead of steam was

HOLY GHOST MIGHT.

However as far as we are concerned the past is buried in Hallelujah forgetfulness. We only remember the cordiality and kindness with which authorities, people, and press have received the General, the visiting officers and soldiery. The meetings were a splendid success and we cannot put them before our readers in any better way than culling from the sheets of the city press.

The *Advertiser* says:—

A Rousing Welcome to Gen. Booth and the Staff Officers of the Salvation Army.

At 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon a crowd began to gather at the Richmond street depot of the Grand Trunk Railway, eager to meet General Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army. The crowd were not disappointed. At 5.40 sharp the St. Marys branch train pulled up to the station, and General Booth and his staff alighted. They were welcomed by the London divisional staff, County Crown Attorney Hutchinson (whose guest the General was during his stay in London), and many members and friends of the Army. After hearty greetings the General was ushered to a carriage. As the carriage drove out of the station yard the General stood up and politely raised his hat and bowed gracefully to the large crowds that peered at him on every side. A procession was formed headed by the London S. A. Band, which took a route march to the Market square via Richmond, King, Burwell, Dundas and Talbot streets, the officers forming a body guard around the General's carriage. The procession, which marched in close order, extended over a block, and along the route the soldiers gave vent to their feelings in several unanimous "volleys." At intervals, also, the General arose, and with uncovered head and waving handkerchief saluted the crowds of spectators who lined the streets on all sides. The following is the

ORDER OF PROCESSION:

London Band.
London Soldiers.
Chatham, Thamesvile and Bothwell Soldiers.
Lasses of the London and Visiting Divisions.
Soldiers from Strathroy, Ailsa Craig and Petrolea.
Sarnia, St. Marys, Lucan, Parkhill and Wyoming Soldiers.
General Booth's Carriage.
Staff Band from Toronto
Carriage With Visiting Staff Officers.
Carriages with other Officers, Visitors and Citizens.

AT THE MARKET SQUARE.

Arriving at the Market Square the soldiers formed a ring of torches around the General's carriage, which was soon the centre of a dense throng. Sergt. Jenkins and a staff of police doing good service in keeping order. The General arose and desired the assembly to sing some verses of the hymn "There is a Fountain filled with Blood." It was sung in a hearty manner. He then said he was very tired and not much should be expected of him. He had a lot of work before him. He would have to talk to-night in the Opera House. He would have to talk on four different occasions on Sunday; he had to get up at 5 o'clock on Monday morning and go to Hamilton to talk; Tuesday some other place to talk, and so on to the United States and talk to all the people there; then home again to England and talk there, until, he said I go to heaven and talk there. Friends he continued, "expect an exorbitant and unreasonable amount of oratory from me, and are sometimes disappointed. But there is a great need of talk. When you see multitudes on the mistaken road how can we help talking? In spite of all our talk some don't find the right road, and some despair, and that is a pity, indeed. The General spent a few minutes in pointing out the right road; and concluded by saying You can go into paradise or paradise can come into you. You may have all the joys of heaven in your soul as well as around you. There are two heavens—one inside and one outside. As soon as a man experiences the joys of conversion and righteous peace, he has heaven inside of him. Hell, likewise, is inside the man before it shows itself outside. Sometimes it doesn't show itself for a long while. Pride and education may conceal it from the eyes of man, but sometime it will all come out and prey upon you unless it be taken away by Christ. The redeeming power is not in churches, ceremonials, form or creeds, but in the saving power of His blood. Fall into the ranks! Put the S's on your collars when you have them on your heart! Come and march with us.

The crowd then dispersed with loud "hallelujahs" and "amens" in response to a prayer to bless the forthcoming meetings.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

At 8 o'clock the Army assembled in the Opera House. The soldiers occupied the stage about 100 in force, and an audience of between 700 and 800 filled the parquet and first gallery. The meeting was opened with the singing of a hymn "Bless our Army" and prayers, in which the General took part, remembering the city officials and praying that some day they would be exemplary for their piety. The prayers were followed by a solo from Capt. Vint of the London Italian contingent, the song being descriptive of the conversion of a hard seed by the Army, and explaining how and why he could'nt and wouldn't stay away.

General Booth then arose and gave an eloquent and masterly address on the Army and its history, objects and results, which lasted more than an hour. His remarks were replete with apt illustrations and humorous anecdotes, during which applause, laughter, and fervent "hallelujahs" frequently interrupted him. He evidently created a most favourable impression on the minds of his large and attentive audience.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Long before the time to open the Opera House doors the corner at King and Richmond streets was crowded with people trying to get in. By 3 o'clock the auditorium and galleries were jammed and the police refused to admit any more. After the usual opening exercises of prayer and singing, the General read a portion of Scripture and took as a basis for his remarks Christ's commission to the apostles and His explanation as to how the Holy Spirit should come upon them. The General said he was not fit for much work; he had made a big effort last night and this morning, and wanted to do so again to-night, but with God's help he would overcome the indisposition, and, anyway he was like the Irishman that went off whether he was loaded or not. He then went on to speak of the unconcern of unchristian fathers about their children's spiritual welfare, which he contrasted with their concern for their temporal well-being. He exhorted all to believe and be saved. Religion, he said, is a supernatural thing, and conversion is a revelation from heaven. Without it you can understand nothing about God. There are three wishes omnipresent with Christ; 1st He wants to pardon you; 2nd, He wants to purify you, and 3rd, finding that you are saved and purified, He wants you to save others. Christ wants workers—men with education, ability, intellect and money, to roll the Gospel chariot on.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The Opera House in the evening was again crowded from top to bottom,

not even standing room being available when the hour of meeting came. The General took the 2nd chapter of Romans as a text. He held that those who condemn sin in others and do the like themselves are inexcusable, and that sinning against a boasted light was doubly guilty. The strong points of the General's evening discourse were his pathetic illustrations of the miseries that inevitably followed a course of sin. He urged every one to look to their influence in life and see that no one was misled by it. The deeper is the condemnation and despair, he said, if you come near the line and do not cross. He closed with a fervent exhortation to the audience to live for God now or never, now and forever.

Just as the General finished, several young men got up and began trying to crowd out. The General sprang to his feet and shouted: "That's right! rush away! You have rushed away from Jesus many times before, you do so again, and will continue to do so, I am afraid. God help you to see aright."

The meeting broke up with hallelujahs and singing.

The General as an orator is an exceptional man. His utterances are marked for their originality and sincerity. He speaks in such a way as to give the people to understand that he believes what he says, and practices what he preaches. The audience appeared to be almost unanimous in their expressions of praise and approval of his remarks. His visit will be long remembered by the people of London.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS.

In spite of the heavy day on the Sunday and the all-night before him, six o'clock monday morning finds General and staff on the cars. The General is an old campaigner, and we suppose toil-proof, and we are quite sure that the last week or two, whatever may have been their past experience, the staff-officers have had a good apprenticeship, and must at least have entered into the blessed experience of those who have exchanged

THE UNREST OF THE SINNER
FOR THE
NO REST OF THE SAINT.

However steam and iron did its work and the "Angel of the Lord encamping round those that fear Him," all were safely landed at the Ambitious City and ten-o'clock finds the General, Commissioner, Divisional Officers, Staff-Captains and Specials comfortably gathered in the luxurious Good Templars Lodge Room for a

COUNCIL OF WAR.

We are not going to divulge the secrets of the talk, in fact we have never said we were there ourselves, to hear but the Lord came near and blessed, and of course

THE PRINCE OF THE DEVILS

would have a spy secreted somewhere to report proceedings and we are pretty safe in supposing that there has already been a council in hell at which measures have been adopted to thwart and subvert all that the Lord and the Army then and there agreed upon and compacted together to carry through. The outlook is grave as it ever has been since the war began in Heaven, and now as then it is evident that both sides

MEAN FIGHT.

The afternoon Holiness Convention was led by Colonel Dowdle, and was a powerful time, their being about eight hundred people present. The Colonel said the great want of every soul in the building was light and power, and continuing the subject said that God wanted His people to be an advancing people, a loving people, a joyful people and these are the features that make God's children attractive to the children of the world. Fourthly, God wants a witnessing people and all who have God's love in their hearts ought to be able to witness for Him—now, said he we will have some witnessing, whereupon one after another in quick succession, scores of people testified to the blessing of a clean heart. Then was sung the chorus,

"I'll have a heart like Thine,"

the invitation was given and many sought the blessing and three sinners sought and found pardon through the Blood.

At seven o'clock there was a great march, the soldiers turned out well, the lasses timbrel band was a great attraction, and the Staff Band and the band of the Corps played well. We were glad to see the Bandsmen of Hamilton in such good form, their playing was splendid and their selection of tunes had the real. Salvation Army go, vim, and determination, they would have been a credit to the best days of the

OLD ORIGINAL NO. III.

And that is saying a good deal, they have lots of grit and there is no stopping them when once they get started, and we know a lot of bandsmen that could take a good leaf out of their book. This half a block with a band and two blocks drum for a rest is getting rather stale. Near the close of the march, the General, Commissioner and Dr. Burns stepped into the ranks and soon we reached the Barracks. We heard something about home rule, well all we can say is home rule has always been a principal plank in the S. A. platform, every man s heart ruled by the standard of God's law and every man's public and home life true to the

PLUMMET OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUTH

that's our Home Rule, and we shall never rest till it is carried all round the world, this settled all other squabbles will die a natural death.

We reached the barracks, but the difficulty was to get in, packed to the doors, and in places quite a way up towards the roof, and one lady *sympathizer*, who stayed home to the last moment debating the question whether she would spend a quarter for a reserved seat, coming late had to be content with a stand on the sidewalk for nothing, although at the finish she would gladly have given a dollar to get in. Well, at length the platform was reached by a process known only to S. A. Sergeants, and as soon as all had settled down, the General, with the Commissioner, W. Gooderham and Dr. Burns, took the platform, and the roof and windows rattled with the opening volley. Soon the General was going ahead in the

GENERAL'S STYLE,

carrying the people with him and claiming and getting their sympathy and assistance.

Addresses were also given by Dr. Burns, Principal of the Young Ladies' College, and W. Gooderham, and after a splendid time the crowds dispersed, everybody, soldiers, citizens and sinners going home for ever satisfied as to the work and merit of the

ONE ONLY AND ORIGINAL S. A.

We saw too some that once were, but now are not, but who we still believe after this will be of the people that are in the bye-and-bye.

The all-night was a marvellous time, the General was completely worn out, so Col. Dowdle and Commissioner took the meeting in hand, and it was a blessed, hallowed, never-to-be-forgotten time. Closing with a hallelujah finish, in which all were happy and blessed with the singing of the comrades of the

SIX NATIONS CORPS, 1ST INDIAN,

and the bright straight testimonies of Capt. Chaponond, and a host of other French, Dutch, English, Irish, Scotch, and Canadian soldiers of this

COSMOPOLITAN ARMY,

which is going to camp in a cosmopolitan heaven bye-and-bye.

THE WOODSTOCK WIND-UP.

A HALLELUJAH FINISH.

How is your faith for a good time? I asked of the first soldier I met in Woodstock. "We're expecting mighty times!" he answered, and his faith was fully honored.

It was the General's last day in Canada, and there was an all-round feeling that it ought to be a good one. Evidently the General thought so too, for although tired, he came along to lead the afternoon Holiness meeting. Light, power, and glory were dealt out from the Heavenly Stores by no mean hand, and if anyone went away unblessed it would be impossible for him to look the Lord in the face and say so.

Following on this came a very sensible and pleasing arrangement, just the very thing indeed. A dear good friend had arranged for the General to have a private farewell tea at his house, to all the Divisional and other Staff Officers, and the bountiful provisions of our host were duly attacked and appreciated by all. In a fatherly little chat the dear General bade us farewell. He could go away he said with a greater love for us and Canada than he had when he arrived, he had become acquainted with us. The mighty possibilities of the future work of the S. A. in the Dominion filled his soul with hope for the Salvation of the world. He liked the people, they were free from many of the prejudices of religion prevalent in the old country, and he felt sure would make with good training splendid Army Officers. He was pleased with the great work that had been accomplished, but that must only inspire to yet greater.

Col. Dowdle followed by saying how delighted he was for the chance of seeing the work in Canada, he hoped to come again. "Alright, we'll invite you now," put in the Commissioner. He hardly knew when as he had invitations to various parts of the world that would take six years to get through. Staff-Capt. Vint remarked when he gave himself to the Army, it was to go anywhere, and that was why he was here. He loved Canada, and was thankful the General had brought him.

The march before the evening meeting was a flaring, shouting, merry musical affair. Perfection was reached in the Staff band's playing,

"I'm a Soldier if you want me,
You'll find me in the ranks of the
Army."

A war-chariot overflowing with D. O's with a guard of honor of soldiers with flaming torches each side was the great and effective feature of the march. Woodstock looked surprised at such a mighty turn out of warriors.

A very long, low roofed skating rink was rented for the evening meeting. How all the people were packed I know not for the place was full when the march returned. Happy Bill Cooper with song and tambourine kept things lively until the General arrived and at once took hold of the meeting. There were signs of possible rows at the end of the hall but the General put his foot down and told them plainly that if they didn't choose to be quiet and listen he would quit speaking and save his voice for another day and crowd. The hint was taken and order and attention reigned.

Going off his usual line for about twenty minutes he brought his heaviest guns to bear upon the crowd. Illustrations of the results of mispent lives, the horrors of sin, the terrors of hell and joys of heaven were launched like mighty thunder-bolts on that audience. If evidence was needed it was there that the General knew his work and how to get hold of a noisy crowd. The attention being gained he gave an account of his conversion at the age of fifteen, and challenged any man on earth to look at his life's work for the good of mankind and its vast sweeping results and then to say he made a mistake in choosing to serve God. He urged all present to live for a settled purpose, namely, God's glory. They call us cranks, but its the other way. The cranks are those who spend their lives for nought. We are after souls and for them we ride neck or nothing, and are determined to win. He told of a man who had lately died worth $20,000,000 made out of pills, who, when he started to sell was told they would never go, but he said they must and shall, I mean them to go. He sold his furniture even to pay for advertising them, but the pills went. Why? Because he was determined they should. So are we with Salvation. Many people object to ignorant people standing up to teach religion, but they make a great mistake. We don't teach it, we set them up to talk about what they have tried. No education is necessary to do this; it is personal knowledge that's wanted. Many of the prevalent objections were dealt with and shown to be empty and useless.

In closing the General gave some figures of his tour in Canada. In 26 days he had travelled 4,012 miles; spent 231 hours in the cars; held 57 meetings; attended 10 processions; addressed audiences amounting to 97,000; spoken 67 hours in public; 80 souls had been saved, one of this number being already in the blood-washed crowd around the throne, (she was saved on Sunday and died a few days afterwards;) about 17,000 have stood up or come to the front for Holiness; he also attended four all-nights of prayer.

The figures will show you I am not idle I am a working man. I have enjoyed my visit and love the people. To all I say "go ahead," be true to God, the S. A. and the General.

Following this was an all-night of prayer. The General hoped to be present but was unwell. In his absence Col. Dowdle took the lead. And interesting feature was the promotion of a crowd of Staff-Officers. There were rows of seekers after Holiness and better still finders too, as many afterwards testified.

Next morning the General accompanied by Colonel Dowdle and Staff Capt. Vint went on to the Falls, where, after a rest they passed into the States for their tour, Thus ended this long-looked for ever memorable visit, which has brought strength to our Army and joy and blessing to thousands of souls and Salvation to very many more. So God's name has been glorified and finishing as we began, to His name we ascribe

ALL THE GLORY.

THE SALVATION DUET.

THE WELSH MINSTREL
—AND—
PROF. WIGGINS,
In the Maritime Provinces.

EVERYONE we have conversed with seemed delighted to have had a visit from the General. We are assured by even the critics that exception could not be taken either to his words or his demeanour. The officers and Soldiers are unanimous that the visit has been productive of a great deal of good in every way in imparting spiritual gifts, clearing the mists of prejudice in the acquisition of prestige, influence, and confidence for the Army, and following in his trail we observe that it is certain with the faithfulness of officers and Soldiers, that the future of the Army is going to transcend all and anything we have had in the Maritime Provinces and Dominion hitherto. After a stay of two days at Moncton to arrange our papers at the importunity of the Moncton officers and corps we were induced to attend their meeting. Capt. Hudson and his comrades, seem to have taken right hold, and are likely to give the devil a brisk time this winter. No doubt the Moncton military mean business, if they continue to go on as I saw them, two stalwart Soldiers were lashing the drums to their hearts content in the march, all right boys only continue. The open air march was the flush of a flying squadron.

Stick to the Army boys,
And never run away,
Stick to the Army lasses
And we shall win the day.

(Continued on page 10)

How the Cadets Fight.

On the Field Session.

BY E. F. S.

"SUCH fun!" said an Officer to us early last summer, catching up an unguarded remark made by someone, who, by the way, had never been out on the Field Session."

"Yes, I dare say. That's just about what I think the Field Session is—such fun. But as for its reality being half as advantageous as the Home Session, I don't believe it."

Recalling the deepened earnestness and the maturity and confidence brought back to the Homes by the Cadets who went "out to the world" in the last Field Session, we answered—

"From what we noted of the girls as they went out and the girls as they came in, we don't agree with you. Wait till next Session, and we'll know more."

We know something now about the "inner meaning" of the singular diagrams issued in a far-back War Cry, showing the interior of a van. We gave the readers of "All the World" a somewhat detailed account last month of the doings of our "Hop-picking Brigade" in and out of their Kent cottages, and a week with one of the "Flying Squadrons" has just been answering for us some of the questions we, as well as other people, have been asking about their work.

Are they successful regarded as travelling evangelists simply? Do Officers look on our 'bus loads as help or hindrance to their regular work? And, above all, does "gipsying for souls" make our lasses what the world and the world's Saviour expect them to be? Or does it bring them back restless and change-loving, more self-conscious, and less amenable to discipline?

Our questions answered themselves, bit by bit.

"The Flying Squadron? You'll not find it to-night!" said the Captain of Portsmouth I, as we walked in his barracks. "Yes, they were to have been four nights in Portsmouth, and not to have gone to Ryde at all. But the Ryde Officer came over, and said the people made him come after them, and Miss Eva decided to go. I should have liked them longer. They had sixteen souls on Sunday and stirred us all up."

Re-action afterward? It didn't seem like it, that pouring wet night. True, the rain made the congregation somewhat small, but there was a freshness and fire about the straightforward stories the Soldiers had to tell, which we strongly suspected was partly due to the "stirring up."

Portsmouth newspapers were reporting frightful riots in Ryde, and that the Army girls had "lost their colours." We didn't believe it, but when landing in Ryde next morning, porters and policemen all looked at us with a sort of commiseration, as if we were lost kittens, we wondered what had been done there. But Newport was our destination, and we heard nothing of "the Battle of Ryde" till afterwards.

"Can you tell me where to find the Flying Squadron? I've a hamper to take them," said a gentleman, reining up his horse at sight of our uniform, as we passed out of Newport station.

No, we couldn't; but "hamper" sounded friendly, and we made our way to the Officers' quarters, feeling that if our comrades once got out of Ryde, they would be suffered, at least, to leave the island alive.

"Oh, you should have been with us at Ryde!" was Miss Eva's greeting two hours after. She was white to the very lips with the fierce strain of the work there, but all fire and energy. "We had very quiet inside meetings, for all it was so rough outside, and two souls—*two souls!*—out of all that roughness.

The first night's march was frightful. Whenever we got where it was a bit dark all the Skeletons were on us, and there are very few lamps in Ryde. The police just stood and looked on. The roughs were worst, of course, to the lads—the Captain and Lieutenant of the Corps, and Dennet, who drives the 'bus. Once I saw a great sailor fellow holding Dennet fast while the others punched him, and the blood dripping down from his forehead on the sailor's white jacket! I rushed up and took the sailor by the collar. I was very pale, and I'd left my bonnet inside and come out with a gray shawl over my head, and when he felt my cold fingers on his throat and looked up at me he let Dennet go quick. We think he thought "Death's icy fingers" were on him! It was like that outside all the while, and yet we had a lovely meeting inside. They were good and quiet.

The next day we had an afternoon's and march. It was beautiful and orderly, the roughs came and asked me to bring Dot out at night, but I didn't. It was pelting with rain—a wild night, but we felt we must go, on principle. We must march in Ryde where our Soldier-comrades have suffered so.

It seemed quiet at first, but a publican had offered £5 to the man who took our colours, and at the first darkness they made a rush. "If you take them you'll take me too,' cried Little —— (a wee lassie from Yorkshire is one of the colour-bearers of No. 1. Squadron), and the next thing I knew she and the colours and the rest of us were all swallowed up in that crowd and whirled along through the darkness. We could only hold on to the colours and keep singing over and over

I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath.

Some gentlemen who had been to the afternoon's meeting, pushed into the crowd and called, "Fair play, lads!" but they didn't know what to do with the roughs. One policeman followed us. He thought Dot was with us, and kept calling,

"Where is the child? Give her to me! I'll take care of the child!"

And he would have done his best for us; but what was *one man*? The air was thick with flour, and lime, and filth of all sorts.

"Lime!" we cried, wondering how soon England would have, like France, to pass a special law against vitriol throwing.

"Yes, lime! You see, there were a lot of strange sailors in town, all half drank and all mad after this five pounds. Our girls were shockingly kicked and bruised. They behaved beautifully—sang right on."

Inside, we had two souls. None of us quite know how we got inside, but we did, colours and all.

"I challenged the Captain of the Skeletons to come and talk to me after that meeting, and he was brave enough to come. Next day I went to see his wife, and we are good friends now."

We walked into the barracks half-an-hour later, and stopped a moment at the door to look at "our girls," fresh from that breathless march through the dark, and the storm, and the hooting, pelting hundreds mad with that wild unreason which we call the "mob-spirit." What were scenes like that doing for them?

"Don't tell me! You like those rows," a woman had said to us sharply not long before.

Like it? Ex-Prize-fighters have told us that they scarcely felt the blows in the old days, in their eagerness to give them back, but we never yet have met anyone who deliberately preferred to be kicked and hustled and shoved along a muddy road to walking it quickly! We have never yet met a woman, from whatever class or station, who did not prefer protection and deference from men to insult and pelting! Yet we could quite believe, as we looked at the twenty odd lasses scattered about Newport barracks, that their steady, sweet-tempered pluck and perseverance might readily be taken by people who had yet to learn the alphabet of "doing and suffering" for positive enjoyment of noise and confusion.

Some were getting dinner laid on board-and-trestle tables put up at one side; two or three had gotten out thread and needle cases and were sewing in a corner; the rest for the most part were laughing and chatting over the brushes and shakes which could, after all, do very little for bonnets and jackets, to the spoiling of which so many brains had set themselves the night before. Then, as all through our stay, the thing that struck us as specially beautiful was the way in which Officers and Cadets seem to settle down in ten minutes into whatever barracks is their Training Home for the time being. They sleep and breakfast only in their billets. The barracks are their home.

Grace was sung presently, just as it might have been if the tested walls at Clapton had echoed back.

"Same old story, ever, ever new," instead of the wide, bare barracks, with the dear own colours telling of last night's battles, behind the singers.

"Oh, Lord, we do thank Thee, that we have the colours safe," was the burden of the Two Minutes prayer that day; but prayer and talk we thankfully noted both showed that with scarcely an exception, every Cadet realized that "keeping the colours" meant simply standing fast to the death if need be, to God-given trust. There was no pride because a mere handful of girls had held fast to that pole and flag against such fearful odds, but gratitude pure and simple because their Jesus had proved Himself once more "strong to deliver."

That afternoon was given up to washing and mending. At five, we met for the "Ten Minutes." It must be specially cheery for Training Home lads and lasses to have this institution brought into their very battle-fields. The burden of all to-night was

Thou knowest every one;
Lord, keep them true!
For time is fleeting fast,
Harvest will soon be past.
We shall want our girls at last;
Lord, keep them true.

That night's meeting was crowded and powerful, but reports elsewhere show those. Portsmouth and Ryde had shown us what this Brigade was doing for other people. We were looking to see what training these future Officers were getting themselves.

Half-past nine next morning found all assembled in the barracks for prayers. Roll-call over, the "billet-papers," showing the hours each girl had kept in her billet and one or two other things were returned, and fresh ones given out. The girls wait a minute or two, singing choruses, before Miss Eva enters, and prayers begin with a sort of singing-class, and end with a lecture, "Be strong in the Lord." After this comes more singing class.

Dinner over the girls are told off for visiting, the worst streets being selected.

"Six girls for S—— Street. Go into every court and every house in every court."

"Whether they'll have us or not?" asks one girl.

"Yes," smiles Captain McDouall, whether they'll have you or not. Two girls for ———Lane."

"That's mostly slaughter-houses," put in the Lieutenant.

"Take the slaughter-house then," pursued the Captain. And when they came back they had two souls.

Next day the morning was given to War Cry selling. There was a holiness meeting at three in the afternoon. Dinner was hurried over, and we noted specially how the girls scattered immediately after the tables were cleared, kneeling here and there, either for the half-hour's private prayer, which is a rule of the squadron, or with their Bibles. It seems to us specially fitting for Salvationists to live and pray, and wash dishes and hold holiness meetings all in the same place!

The six or eight souls who sought full salvation that day seemed to need just such practical holiness as we were living out in that hall.

"Full salvation means you work whether you like to or not," we had just heard one Cadet say to another who looked doubtfully at her pile of dishes to wash.

One woman wailed that she couldn't keep in perfect peace, with so many little ones, and so little to do for them with. Another wanted to be able to fix her mind more on God.

"I've a large family, dear, and it's scattered all over the world, and I keep thinking about them and wondering about them so much that I don't think of the Lord as much as I want to."

Scarcely time for a hurried cup of tea before children began to pour in for a Little Soldiers' meeting. Marshalling them, seating them, keeping them interested, teaching them songs, and talking to tiny sinners at the penitent form, gives every girl plenty of occupation till it is time for the evening's march and meeting.

Next day finds everyone saying good-bye to comrades who seem to have been ours far longer than three days. We row down the river to Cowes, pausing to sing a chorus or two to the cement-workers, and then proceed to plant the Training Home standard and live the Training Home life over again in a fresh spot.

The Squadron established itself in 10 minutes, just as it had in Newport, to go over the same routine, to toil for sinners, to cheer on their Soldier comrades and learn to make a home in any spot where there are people to be helped.

—English War Cry.

Leaves from my Letter Book

BY A CAPTAIN ON THE STAFF OF THE INTERNATIONAL TRAINING HOMES.

LIEUT. X. had been in charge of a station in the country for a short time. In a letter she says: You spoke about praying for me, I always feel that through the prayers of those at the Training Home, I have been helped already to win many a victory, for I have proved that the prayers of the righteous avail much. God is blessing me in giving me souls, though not so many as I would like. The people are under mighty conviction, and God is moving in a mighty way. I feel determined to stick to the fight while God lends me breath; I feel I am just where God wants me to be and that is enough for me to know. I wrote back:—

YOU ARE NEVER LEFT ALONE, JESUS LIVES

CLOSE TO YOU.

Dear Lieut. X.

I was glad to see by your letter, that God is blessing you, and giving you the joy of seeing sinners converted to Him. But you should not feel discouraged, because you do not see as many saved as you would like. Thank God for those you have got, and keep steadily marching onward to get more.

It is a great thing in your favour that the people are under great conviction. You will find it wise to let all you say and do tend to deepen that feeling, and this feeling cannot but be made stronger if you succeed in leading your new converts into the enjoyment and power of the blessing of a clean heart. Visible every day, holiness of life on the part of people whom they have known will exert a tremendous influence on every body around, both in making them dissatisfied with their own condition, and in making them want to be good and true and holy themselves. To a very large extent, humanly speaking, your converts and soldiers will be what you make them. This throws a great responsibility on to your shoulders, but Jesus will bear it for you and show you how to discharge it, if you will ask Him for guidance, and wisdom, and power, and then act up to all His instructions.

Let us thank God that we have close beside us all the time, such a

WONDERFUL MIGHTY SAVIOUR

Who can and will help us, not only to win souls for Him, but to train them and teach them to be

LIVING CHRISTS,

and in their turn Saviours of others.

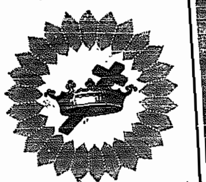
I am glad to know that you feel so thoroughly, that you are just where God wants you to be, that is, by itself a great source of strength against the devil.

You are quite right in claiming the victory through the Blood, and I hope that the victory you win will be a grand and glorious one, obtained after a real good fight.

Keep your faith, and your works, and your will all growing in strength and holiness all the time, and all together, in this way you will soon become such a powerful woman of God that the devil's hair will be ready to stand up on end every time he looks at you, and there is no mistake about it that you will become a good hand at devil driving.

I am glad you pray for us at the Home. I do believe in prayer, and hope that you will by faith receive many blessings every day through our prayers for you.

I hope God will bless you, and that He will use you to lead hundreds of souls to the enjoyment of peace and joy and Salvation. God bless you and all your Soldiers.



Promoted from the "Queen City" to the "New Jerusalem."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, yea saith, the Spirit for they rest from their labors."

BROTHER EDWARD BALL has entered into that rest. He was converted in Bowmanville about three years ago. His life up to that time had been one of Sin—his home the home of a drunkard. I need not say more, for who is not acquainted with the "Drunkard's Home," and the "Drunkard's Wife," and the Drunkard's Children." From a position of comparative ease, and from the brightest prospects step by step he descended into the very gutter of sin, until his people cast him off and held no communication with him.

BUT HE CAME TO JESUS,

And since that time has faithfully served Him who rescued him from such depths of sin. His wife knelt by his side at the altar and found peace in the same Saviour, and the transformation in their lives and home was great and grand. Once more his friends extended a hand to him, and the door of society, so long shut against the drunken outcast, was now opened gladly to the reclaimed and converted Salvation Soldier. His life as a soldier amongst his old associates carried weight, and there is great reason to believe that at the reckoning day Brother Ball will not be found empty-handed.

After fighting for a year in Bowmanville he moved to Toronto, and united himself with the Riverside corps. It was here the disease, which to him proved to be God's messenger calling him home, manifested itself, for nearly a year he suffered greatly, but in all his sufferings his mind was ever staid on the Great Physician. Shortly after the commencement of his sickness he moved from Riverside to Vanauley street, and threw himself in with the Richmond street [illegible]. Here it was my privilege to see him daily, and as he neared the end of the journey, although suffering most fearful agony, so much so that the cries wrung from him by intense pain would wake up neighbors living fifty to a hundred feet away, yet not for one moment did his faith and trust in his Saviour waver, neither did he appear to lose even for a moment the realization of God's presence with him. Calling for the last time his children together around him he made some arrangements about his funeral and then calling one of his sons to him (the only unsaved one except a little boy), he pleaded with him to start then and make his peace with God. It was a touching scene, but the pleasure of seeing his son start in the Divine Life was not his.

Further on, when speech had left him, and he was drawing near the border he signed for a pencil and paper and with fingers already stiffening in death, he wrote in trembling characters:

"Jesus is long coming—I'm in pain."

The end came, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

He was borne to the grave beneath the colors he had so faithfully fought under, and many and deep were the prayers of the comrades left behind in the fight that God would help them to war a good warfare, and meet Bro. Ball in Heaven.

At the memorial service at Richmond Street, Sunday night, Bro. Ball's son came to the front and found pardon in his father's Saviour. May God keep him faithful and help him to take his father's place in the fight, and like him win a victor's crown.

W.P.G.

STAFF CAPT. MRS. VINT.

OUR ITALIAN WORK

IN

LONDON ENGLAND.

ITALY IN LONDON, is Italy under a cloud. If you run up there on a Sunday morning and take a circuit north of Holborn from Hattons Garden to Saffron Hill, you might fancy almost that you were in Italy itself, except for the cloud. London smoke has begrimed everything, from the great black block of St. Peter's Church to the snow white head gear of the Italian lasses that are just streaming from its doors. On every side you hear the glorious music of the Italian tongue, and the picturesque costumes all around make the picture altogether Italian in its aspect. This is the bright side of the picture. Go up some of the Courts. It is here the cloud comes in clouds of superstition and sin, low avarice and cunning, heathen darkness in the midst of a Christian city with all its accompaniment of dirt, squalor, vice, misery and shame. The padrones, the poor organ men, the monkey boys, the ice pedlars, the men with the wonderful sheep-skin droning bags of wind and the shrill pipes, that once resounded on the sunny slopes of the Apenines, but which now with the dancing children and the saucy mendicants together make up the lazaroni of the mighty London desert. Here, in the midst of this have Capt. and Mrs. Vint planted the blood and fire flag, and formed the first Italian corps. Speaking the language and loving the people, Capt. Vint went amongst them almost single-handed and, assisted by his wife, has formed the nursery of a mighty work, and here scores of the sons of sunny Italy, opera singers, organ men, and lazoroni generally, have become blood and fire soldiers and are carrying the Salvezza into the houses and hearts of their countrymen. By and by probably these rescued brands will carry the flaming torch of salvation to their own land and kindle a flame in the heart of mighty Rome herself.

Last week we gave a portrait of Capt. Vint who has been amongst us with the General, and today we are glad to have the face of Mrs. Vint in our columns. Whilst the Capt. is away she, with an Italian officer, is leading the fight and winning trophies for that mighty crowd of Salvationists of all nations and languages and tongues, who will in the great hereafter, stand before the throne of God and the Lamb for ever.

That's right, sisters, first give yourself, then train up all your children and give them to God, and we shall soon have missionaries enough to save the world.

WAR NOTES

"Heaven bless the venture,
And prosper its good end."

I must congratulate War Cry on its new appearance, and must say there is not only a lot for money, but the quality exceeds the quantity. Of course there are a few blemishes, but these all bear the impress of the worry of a first edition. As Mrs. B. said to the General "that and better will do."

All our distinguished visitors and honored guests having departed, there are signs of a general settling down for the winter campaign.

There has been an extensive change of front on the 3rd 80 stations changed officers, and 215 officers were removed.

There are signs too of a general change of the Divisional Staff. Most of the D. O.'s are farewelling through their divisions previous to a removal.

Major Margetts is taking leave of his Toronto forces, and at the same time introducing the new D. O. Staff-Capt. Morris to his troops. On the 22nd of May the Major and his Adjutant have a great farewell meeting in the Toronto Temple, and there is to be a great exhibition of Hallelujah furniture, whatever that may be, at the same time and place.

The Salvation Duet, Minstrel and Professor have been having marvellous times down east and we hope soon to hear of them in the Ontario Divisions.

There is a call for volunteers for Manitoba, British Columbia and the North-West, this looks like business and no doubt a lot of "everywhere and anywhere" people will be to the front.

I saw a line from Major Jai Bini just as the "Sardinian" sailed saying all were safely on board and eagerly longing for India. God bless them.

The great Smith family are fast getting salvation, there are no less than thirteen officers and cadets of that name on the Canadian roll.

There are also quite a number of Taylors and some more are coming into the new uniform department.

Capt. Walton will soon be installed in his new quarters and no doubt will be overwhelmed with orders for his regular fitting regulation uniform. Of course the Capt. and Lieut. of each corps will be anxious to make the Cadet a Christmas present of a new uniform, so you had better be first with your order.

I hear wonderful rumors about the new Almanack and Advance, and also a book by the Commissioner. This last is the greatest of secrets.

Two new divisions are formed, Chatham and Peterboro', having been taken from the Kingston and London divisions respectively.

Hampton and Sutton have been formed into corps, and Durham was opened on the 7th.

There are rumors that D. O. Body and his staff will make quite a progress through the eastern stations on his way to Newfoundland, but nothing has been definately settled as yet.

Major Mobley's health still continues in a very unsatisfactory state, and the probabilities are that D. O. Eadie will be obliged to leave Canada from a like cause. Every body pray.

War Scribe.

A sister over at S—— showed true War Spirit the other day. She said, "The Lord has so laid the burden of India on my heart for years past that I am determined to go myself and carry the news of Salvation to the heathen, if the way opens for me to do so, and anyway I've a little eight-year-old boy which I've dedicated to the Lord, and am training him up so that if I can't go myself, I shall send him to take my place. Although I've never preached India to him, nor do I intend to do so, yet the missionary spirit is already burning in his heart.

HOLINESS.

ECONOMICAL HOLINESS.

BY COLONEL CLIBBORN.

(Continued from last Number.)

ORDER.

HOLINESS is economical, because it brings *order* into the life. Disorder is always wasteful. Wastefulness is a sign of disorder. A few minutes spent in keeping or putting things in order will often economise a whole hour, which must be spent some time later in searches or untanglings of some sort by you or someone else. But you say, "Are there not some people who profess Holiness who are disorderly in their habits?" Yes, but if they will listen to the voice within and get thoroughly under the government of the Holy Ghost they will soon find that this old "wrinkle" or infirmity is being smoothed out and order begins to reign. Our disorderly habits often cost more to others than to ourselves. How much trouble might be spared all round by more order!

For every debit there must be a credit in the book-keeping of human life and of this whole world. For every disorder there must be a putting in order; for every sin there must be a suffering; so much sin, so much suffering. Someone must suffer sometimes or somehow if there is to be any setting right or Salvation. Against the great debit of the collective sine of all the world the great Sufferer stretched His bleeding body upon the Cross that He might put Himself as a creditor against that huge and awful debit, balance the account, and wipe out the score that is against us. "He abolished in His flesh the enmity;" He "took it out of the way;" He "nailed it to His Cross." Oh, wondrous, wondrous love!

And so it is that those who are united in affairs in this world have to suffer the one through the faults of the other. The employer must suffer through the neglect, the disorder, or the wrongdoing of those he employs. What you fear someone will have to sit down and mend. The loss tearing the more economy. The consequences of the neglect or disorder of a Field Officer will fall upon the Soldiers or the Divisional Officer. Fot instance, disorder in accounts, what waste of time it brings. Neglect or disorder of the Divisional Officer falls upon his Officers or upon Headquarters. *Oh how much might be spared to the devotee few who sit in the heart of the Army and becomes the receptacles of all the cares and sorrows if each were faithful and orderly and painstaking at his post.* How much of the precious time and brain of the leaders might be thus economised for the pushing on of the war. And this applies throughout the length and breadth of the Army, for, being united in one body, the acts of each individual member effect the entire body.

Let us have more Holiness, and we shall have more economy.

HOLINESS KNOWS THE TRUE VALUE OF THINGS.

It is a startling fact but true that the great mass of beings in the world have no idea whatever of the true value of things. The reason is that they are blinded as to the real object of their own existence, and therefore are also blind as to the value of earthly things in promoting that object. Sin blinds and sin is selfishness.

The eyes of selfishness are therefore blind to the true value of things, for they judge of them solely in reference to self, either their own fallen self or the same in others.

But when the eyes are opened" to the "soul value" of life, and the Kingdom of Heaven dawns upon the mind, then all things appear in their true value. The centre of thought and desire is no longer self but GOD. The *creature* sees that all *created* things are to help him to serve and glorify the CREATOR. Henceforth he judges of things solely in this relationship.

Holiness being the cleansing of the heart from selfishness (or sin) brings all things into joint, so to speak. Man, through sin, is the only thing in the universe which is out of joint. When he gets into joint all three, the earth, man and God are in their true position. The earth serves man, and man serves God, and God gives life to both. When man was in sin he was the servant of the earth; so to speak, it had him in its chains, it reigned over him. Now he rises again above all things. "All things are his," and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's. He reigns as a son of God in the earth, and is the slave of no circumstances or things. They are under His feet, and He sets upon them their just value.

TIME.

Holiness is economical of TIME. It realises its value. One minute is often enough for changing the whole current of a life. Minutes to it are diamonds. It cannot spare to spend any of them idly or carelessly, how much less upon selfish pleasure. It knows its days and hours are numbered. Just so long has it got as God's ambassador upon earth. It must be "instant in season and out of season." It must be "Always abounding in the work of the Lord." It is economical of its own time *and of other peoples*, never dotbrading itself upon them.

Holiness is, for instance, economical of the time of a meeting. No being late. No useless drug. No long-winded sermonizing, prayers or dry spiritless addresses. It gets its line of battle set with promptitude. There is no parleying with the enemy; no compliments, no compromise. It makes at once two clearly defined camps. For God. Against God. This is all it sees. It knows no neutral ground. Its battle trumpet gives no uncertain sound. Saints take hold of God. Sinners stiffen their necks, feeling that they are going to get under fire. Holiness goes straight to work. It reads to the rebels the Great Creator's summons to instant surrender, and His offer of pardoning mercy and love. Its heavy artillery pours forth God's thunderbolts; straight clearly defined soulpiercing truth, shot forth with the power and fire of the Holy Ghost. Testimony marches forward with its steady infantry tramp, practical to the point on they come, rank upon rank routing the enemy. Then the bayonet and sabre of personal dealing complete the victory, and Holiness goes home conscious that, as far as he was concerned the evening was *economy solly* spent in the service of the Kingdom.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Holiness is economical of opportunity. It realises their priceless value. It is wide awake. It is quick sighted; it sees them. It is quick-handed; it seizes them. Its inward definiteness of life and purpose makes it turn them to the very best account for the Kingdom.

If the opportunity of doing good is one of a crucifying nature, Holiness, having no inward resistance to the Cross to be overcome, is free to go to work.

It is fearless and whole-hearted, and so promptly it goes right ahead. And while a timid, frightened, half-saved Christianity would have been hanging and beating about the bush, and hesitating and weighing up consequences to self, Holiness has seized time by the forelock, has gone in and won, has put its bark upon the flowing tide and done something for the Kingdom.

TALENTS.

Holiness is economical because it *makes the most of what it has.* It uses the talents it has instead of waiting to get others. It uses the light it has got instead of sitting down to wait for more light while neglecting that which has been given; and as it uses and economises what it has, "more is given unto it." Being faithful in the least it is made ruler over more. It does the same with its circumstances and opportunities. Instead of sitting down and waiting till it gets a bigger field it carefully ploughs the field it has got, and very probably before long the Great Landlord adds on another field, or takes Captain Holiness away to a larger farm.

HEALTH.

Holiness is *economical of health.* It realises its true value. It keeps the body under. It rules it with an eye to the Kingdom. It makes it go to bed at the proper time instead of sitting up to useless chat; and when at work and giving it freely to spend and be spent for the war, it preserves it from any excess of effort which would bring prodigality of force. It knows that it has but one life to live. It lays it out to the best account, while at the same time its trust in God will enable it to go forth calmly to meet the greatest danger. Here, perhaps above all other domains of the human life will the Toward government of the Holy Ghost be the most required, and when trusted will never fail.

MONEY.

Holiness is economical of money. It realises its true value. It takes pains to find out the relative value of things for the service of the Kingdom, and does not rush into expense thoughtlessly. It makes its personal requirements as few as possible and as simple as possible. It travels as low a class as possible, unless the interests of the Kingdom imperatively demand a quicker conveyance. It is economical of opportunities of getting money for the service of the Salvation war.

(To be continued.)

WORRY.

BY A STAFF-CAPTAIN, T. H. B.

THERE can be very little doubt that hurry and worry are among the devil's best agencies for hindering the servants of God in their work of helping forward the salvation of the world. Let us be on the look out for them, and see that they do not become the means of spoiling our work, or getting us into mischief.

As to worry, two pieces of advice may be given. First, *do not worry about anything you cannot help*, because it is of no use to do so. Second, do not worry about anything you *can* help, but set to work to put it straight in that way which seems to you to be the wisest. Make a beginning, leave off, and when you have done all you can for the present, leave the affair with God until the time comes for the next step, trusting your Heavenly Father to

GIVE YOU ALL THE WISDOM NECESSARY

to do what is best in the interests of His kingdom. This He will be sure to do if you are trying up to all of His will that He reveals to you as you go along.

During one of the meetings at the recent International Congress, the General said that every officer ought to do his or her work as if their success depended entirely on their own exertions, being at the same time careful to remember that they were only instruments in God's hands for the carrying out of His purposes. While, of course, it is your duty to plan and contrive, and think and study as well as you can how to make the best use of the chances and of the powers you have for the glory of God. It will often be a tower of strength to remember that he overrules all that takes place.

Of course, your WIFE MEANS SOLDIER fighting, and that necessarily means a considerable amount of responsibility, and anxiety, and disappointment. These things you must make up your mind to, and brace yourself up to do you share of carrying out; but, at the same time, you can always be sure that

YOUR FATHER KNOWS ALL ABOUT YOUR STRENGTH

and your circumstances, and that He will give you all the grace and ability you need if you keep your heart and mind stayed on Him, and make the best use you can of what He has already given you. It is quite right that you should *feel* the importance of the work God has given you to do, as also of the position you stand in before angels, and men, and devils.

But you can do this, and you can also successfully perform day by day a very large number of important duties having to do with the earthly and spiritual welfare of many people, without letting them *worry* you. You need not keep yourself in a continual state of anxiety as to whether this plan of yours is going to succeed, whether the advice you gave to that soldier was wise, or whether the Colonel will approve of certain action you took yesterday. I am sure with most people it is much more a question of the exercise of their own will than they think. You

ASKED GOD FOR YOUR ORDERS

before you acted in each of these affairs, and did the very best that you knew in each. If you know that your soul is right with God, surely you can let your mind rest quite easy about them for the present, if you use your power of will. Turn your mind and attention to something else; do some more work, and, knowing that you have done your share to the best of your unsanctified ability, leave God to do His, giving Him credit for knowing how to make the whole work together for the good of His kingdom. At the same time, you must not expect God to do that part which He wants you to do yourself. He has given you, in a sense, the control of your faculties and powers. These are set in motion by your own will, and you are, therefore, largely responsible for the results of the action you take.

OUR WORST ENEMIES TOMORROW.

He also knows all about your circumstances, and He always has in readiness for you just exactly the grace, and the power, and the wisdom you want for the needs of the moment. Never cross a bridge before you come to it. A very large proportion of the worry that people suffer from is about troubles that never come. There is plenty of responsibility, and plenty of labour in doing the duty that God does lay upon you, of bearing the burdens of others as well as your own, without your troubling to carry loads of anxiety and unrest which need not exist, they are really very heavy, and will wear out you strength of body, as well as mind if you persist in carrying them about.

NO'S WORRY.

God does not want you to. He wants you to put all your available strength of mind and body into actual fighting that will accomplish something. Keep your heart stayed on God. Be careful to give Him implicit obedience as to what He tells you to do for Him from day to day, and then bear in mind that He knows how to do His own work best. Of course, there must be no cloud between you and God. Prompt and strict obedience to the voice of God day by day is necessary. If you try to do God's work without His directions, you are sure both to do mischief and get yourself into trouble. Don't worry.

A man half saved can scarcely be said to be saved at all. And he is, like a man standing on one leg, he is almost certain to fall.

The Bishop of Rochester on the Salvation Army.

At a meeting of the Church Congress held on the 6th ult., the Bishop of Rochester speaking on the subject of how the lapsed masses may be won made the following remarks:—"If ever the masses are to be converted, it must be by an organized lay body. Let no one be unjust to the Salvation Army. (Cheers.) They have set the church an example of magnificent and dauntless courage. It is well to tolerate even great eccentricities of method if a right motive is beneath them. Indulgent patience and judicious toleration must be the rule with all these well-meant efforts, some of which will have their little day, and cease to be, and be forgotten, while others will be at once the germ and beginning of permanent and important work."

REMORSE.

BY B. B. OUX.

In that dark land of deep despair,
No morning's cheering light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

Does the whole vocabulary of English words contain a more expressive and terribly suggestive one than this?

Some folks say there is no hell. Is this not it? Does it not cast into a man's soul bleak sadness? Is it not "the worm that dieth not?" Is it not the fire which, once kindled beyond the bounds of time, can never be quenched?

At the very least it forms a part.

It brings its hell on earth—it gives its victim a taste of what is the inevitable fate of lost souls beyond. Will a sinner need or fear a keener, fiercer hell than this? Is it not that which sets the joy and enduribility from a man's life—drives him to the river's brink—nerves him to plunge beneath its cold waves, to awake in a world "from whence no traveller returns?"

It clings and coils around a man's heart as doth a serpent around its prey; it is not easily cast aside—nay! might I say, never—almost invariably leaving its mark for life.

I speak of earth's remorse—regret for some deed done, some treasure lost, some chance missed. Let me take my reader on to the FULLNESS of what this is but the TASTE.

Let him try and imagine the horror that would seize a soul when for the first time in eternity it realises that it is forever cast aside, cast away, without unmitigated remorse will be its—not for money lost, schemes failed, prospects wrecked, by some foolishness or neglect—not for a friend lost by unkind treatment—no! not these, but a terrible realization that life, with all its chances, is gone; years, with all their heaven-sent opportunities, fled; privileges, entreaties, warnings, unheeded; mercy past; heaven's gate eternally shut; its doors for ever fixed! no hope! no hope!! no hope!!—no, not after eternal ages have rolled over his head is he any nearer the end of his torment.

Oh, what recollections will flood his soul! what keen, bitter remembrances what thoughts! how they will combine to make his eternity dark and awful with REMORSE!

He laughed on earth, but now he cries. "Oh, for one more chance—one hour back again; one squandered opportunity!"

He sought his ease, pleasure, and personal gain on earth, but now how empty, foolish, and hateful do they appear. However could he have been such a fool as to risk and lose his immortal soul in running after that which when got, proved but a shadow and nothing.

He said there was "plenty of time" on earth, but he has now found out that he has thus trod the devil's royal road to hell. Were ten million worlds his, he would give them all for ONE MORE CHANCE.

Reader, this has been the lot of thousands. Would it be yours were you to-night to be summoned to meet your Lord? You have experienced time's remorse, will you not profit by it and escape eternal's? You say it is a highly-drawn picture, you do not believe in it—take that suggestion as from the enemy of souls.

You say there is no hell, no eternity. Does not the innermost conviction of your heart belie your words?

You say you don't care—you speak foolishly. There is need to care, nothing anyhow to compare with it in importance—moreover, there is a day coming, be assured, when you will be FORCED TO CARE.

There is another future before you if you will but choose it—one of everlasting rejoicing—He speaks and says, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and according to your voluntary choice, it will be done unto you.

A Disgrace to the Town!

What was? Why, an Army procession headed by an Officer in his prison dress. We didn't think so, of course, but a "religious" gentleman did. Why did he think so? Because it created "no small stir," and was not according to "the tradition of the elders!" If you were not afraid of raising the hue and cry: "These men do exceedingly trouble our city," nor afraid of becoming "a disgrace to the town," just get out of the Johnny-go-softly style and disturb the devil by doing something fresh.

When we heard the above critique we thanked God for such an additional evidence of our discipleship, with Him who was, *and is*, "despised and rejected of men." If you doubt whether Salvationists are despised or not, sit against a railway car window in regulation uniform, and see if you don't get the compartment nearly to yourself.

Parents and employers, in different parts of the land, are threatening their children and servants with loss of home and situation if they persist in being "a disgrace to the town" by attending The Army. Oh, what a millstone of responsibility such parents and employers are bringing down their own necks!

How people can read the Acts of the Apostles and the acts of The Army, without recognizing a parallel case, we don't know. We recognized it long before we "joined 'em." When a tumult in the country, a drunken carousal, or the result of political agitation, it seems to be set down as "in the natural order of things," but if it be the accompaniment of compassionate effort for a half-damned world it is immediately branded as an "intolerable nuisance."

Legion were the critics who objected to the acts of the apostles, and legion are the critics who object to the acts of "the noisy crew," to whose prayerful consideration we commend such extracts as the following:—"Others mocking, said, 'These men are full of new wine.'" "There that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." "And all the city was moved and the people ran together." "He could not know the certainty for the tumult." "All Jerusalem was in an uproar."

A NIGHT'S WORK.

It is a damp, foggy night. The streets are quiet and almost deserted, but for a few lads standing listlessly at the corners, or a wretched drunkard's wife seeking her husband at the door of the tavern.

Soon a small band of Soldiers start out on their mission of mercy, making the streets echo with their songs of Salvation. The previously quiet streets are soon alive. Doors fly open, small groups congregate at windows, women shake their heads, men back, and people are roused from their gossip and chat by the fireside to listen to a message from God. "Hark! what is it?" The words ring out on the night air clear and loud. "Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand." On some faces are seen scornful sneers born of long years of bondage and rejection of the Spirit, on others the unhappy restlessness of a convicted soul.

The little bands step before a house where is a dying man, and as he draws near the sacred scenes of eternity, the beautiful old words are wafted into that room of death,

There is sweet rest in Heaven!

A word of warning to the unsaved, and the march is resumed through a few more streets. At the word "halt," the song is changed to a fervent prayer that God will visit the people of that street with Salvation. Again the prayer is replaced by an earnest entreaty to the drunkard and swearer to forsake sin by a man who has tasted its bitterness and has been saved from a drunkard's hell by the grace of God. A man is seen standing under the gaslight, who listens eagerly to the brother's testimony. For two or three weeks the Spirit of God has led him to listen to the open air meetings. To-night he follows on when the invitation to the Hall is given, and ere the meeting closes he is at the feet of Jesus seeking pardon for the sins of a lifetime. His prayer is answered from the Throne where mercy dwells.

The meeting closed with a prayer that the grace of God may abide in his heart, and that strength may be given him to withstand temptation. The night is gone into eternity; its work seen and unseen, is registered in Heaven.

Properly Saved.

A tavern-keeper in Gloucestershire village stood at his door watching the Salvation Army pass. He was mad with them, and went to get the big kettle of hot water from the kitchen fire, vowing he would throw it over them. In the good providence of God the water had only just been put on, and was still cold. He followed the Army gnashing his teeth and cursing them. But, standing on the edge of the crowd, the Spirit of Jesus, whom he was persecuting, overcame him. He trembled with the overwhelming consciousness of a lost sinner. Then, to use the Salvationists' phrase, he got "dipped in the Fountain" of Christ's blood, and ere long knew himself a repentant and forgiven sinner. Shortly afterwards he found his trade inconsistent with his Christian profession. His house was "tied" to a big brewer, to whom he went. After he had told the owner of his change of heart, and that having drank himself of the water of life he could no longer draw for others the water of death, he asked to be released from his tenancy. The brewer refused to release him till the end of the lease, which had three-quarters of the year still to run. Resisting in this, our converted publican resolved to keep within the strict letter of the law, and to sell to no minors, nor to any bad characters, nor to anyone already the worse for liquor. To this he adhered, and talked to his customers about their souls into the bargain. Quarter by quarter the returns and profits fell off, till at the end of the year he found himself able to leave the house, but without a penny of his savings left. He walked out a ruined, but yet a saved man; a martyr for conscience sake; a brand snatched from the burning, England's roll of worthies than any warrior with hands stained with human blood, and with a peerage in the Kingdom of Heaven.—From *the Western Temperance Herald.*

Platform Soldiers.

WHO ARE THEY?

The platform Soldier does not regularly call War Cry in the streets. He takes a few to respectable friends who usually buy, and perhaps give him a cup of tea for his goodness. To quiet his conscience he may once a week offer a War Cry to some decent looking person in the street. But as for going boldly along the highway and bawling out "WAR CRY!" until the devil growls,—not he;—the platform is his bawl room

The platform Soldier does not attend the rough marches and open air. He knows it is time and seasons, and will put in an appearance when the procession is to take a Sunday morning stroll up Allpeace Avenue. But as for charging down Ballingagate Lane about dusk, he "don't feel called" to that. He loves the open-airs at Pretty little Park; such nice people attend, and they listen so nicely, and they sing so nicely,—he hopes for a nice work there. But that stand in the bad part of the town, where such bad people meet there; they behave so badly and say such bad things! He is sure the pearls are cast away.

Platform soldiers are not good scouts outside. The do not do Salvation visiting. They may hunt some "respectable" people; but the hard customers they leave for the real S. S's.

Platform Soldiers are not sharp at fishing and penitent form wrestling. They may go and hold a theological discussion with some well-dressed stranger while the prayer-meeting is going on. But they don't get the poor in spirit to come crying to the penitent form. If they ever speak to the penitents it is more to the head than the heart.

Platform Soldiers are fiery in spots. The wear badges and uniform only upon proper occasions. They attend Knee-drill and Holiness meeting when the Major or Adjutant visits and other special days.

Platform Soldiers do not stay long in a proper Army Corps. They either make first-class backsliders, or else second-class members of other societies.

"When the sun was risen they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away."

☞ The Blood and Fire Soldiers are the sort we want on the platform and everywhere else.

ARE YOU ONE?

J. O. N.

Odds and Ends

The Glasgow "Evening Citizen" says, "About eight o'clock last night Edward Dechenty, nine years of age, fell into the West Harbor, Port Glasgow. Fortunately the Salvation Army was near the spot at the time, and his rescue was effected." So the Salvation Army processions are good for some thing after all.

The hearts of sinners are hard, but they are not too hard for our God to break. But He does not wan to break them with the hammer of judgment—He would rather melt them with the fire of His love. If you will not come into the fire you will have to come under the hammer.

Ought we not to be careful to use up all our opportunities, and be faithful to our charge, lest, like Saul, God rejects us, and takes our position and work from us for disobedience? Comrades let us consecrate our spirit, soul and body completely for the salvation of the people; let us be content to bear the suffering and endure the scorn of the world and love Jesus and the people so much as to go hand in hand with the Master, even all the way to Calvary.

He had changed his residence, gone from one place to another, and didn't let us know. He'd gone, and the result was that he did not get his WAR CRY. Listen to what he says: "I feel as if I had not got something in my tent that I ought to have. I can't get on without it. The pots won't boil; clouds gloom; the bread burns; in fact, everything is upside down. It is because I have not got that WAR CRY. My mind wanders away from the cooking to that WAR CRY. This is the secret of my not being able to get on."

A contemporary says:—"The members of the Salvation Army are sorely made to pay the penalty for the wearing of the uniform. One day it is a 'Salvationist charged with theft;' another, 'a Salvationist committed for assault;' and so on. Now, how would it look if every man falling into the hands of the police were described according to their religion? 'A member of the Church of England committed for Bigamy;' 'A Quaker Bankrupt;' 'A Presbyterian accused of Forgery;' 'A Congregationalist charged with drunkenness;' 'A Wesleyan fined for illtreating his child;' etc., etc. How would that look if systematically followed out, as in the case of The Salvation Army? (It takes another sentence to make the above complete. We venture to supply the omission:) "More especially as in the case of The Salvation Army, it was afterwards discovered they never had any connection with the churches named."

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

NOTE.—We are wanting a number of Original Songs for this page, songs on War Subjects and Holiness, set to popular tunes, with some grip, go, swing and Salvation in them, calculated to hit some one and move something. Everyone try and try again.

1 Up There!

BY MAJOR PEARSON,

TUNE—"*Shout Aloud, Salvation Boys.*"

WE'RE going up there the saints to meet,
Brave martyrs to behold,
To cast bright crowns at Jesus' feet
To march o'er streets of gold,
To see within the Book of Life our humble names enrolled,
And sit on a throne with Jesus.

CHORUS.

Up there! up there! upon the crystal sea,
Up there! up there! we shall the Saviour see;
And with brave comrades round the Throne we shall for ever be,
And sing Hallelujah to Jesus!

We're going up there to higher rise,
Forsaking worldly good;
To climb the hill of sacrifice,
The way of Fire and Blood;
To join the white-robed multitude before the Throne of God,
To gaze on the face of Jesus.

We're going up there to march about,
To wave the victor's palm,
To hear the heavenly warriors shout,
To lean on Jesus' arm;
We're going away from war and storm to everlasting calm,
To live in the Home of Jesus.

We're going up there to ever stay,
To eat the living Tree,
To sing and shout, "We've won the day,"
To live eternally;
To wear white robes, and wave bright palms, and with The Army be,
To give all the glory to Jesus.

2 My Experience.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL, T. H. S.

TUNE—"*Silver Threads Among the Gold.*"

ONCE I heard the Saviour speaking
To my soul in accents mild;
"Turn from sin—seek my forgiveness,
Be my own obedient child!"
I obeyed, and to my Saviour
Yielded up my longing heart,
With my body, soul, and spirit,
Never more from Him to part.

CHORUS.

Saviour, I am thine for ever,
And my all is Thine alone;
And from Thee there's naught shall sever
This glad heart that is Thine own.

Soon I heard the Saviour saying
To my now surrendered soul,
"Come and let me sanctify thee—
Spotless make thee, pure and whole!"
I was willing, though obedience
Meant sharp pain and grief within;
But the Saviour's fiery cleansing
Purged my heart from all of sin.

Then I heard the Saviour saying,
See the world fast going to hell;
You must leave your friends and comfort
And my great Salvation tell;
You must come and be My Soldier—
Holy, patient, true, and brave!"
"Lord," I said, "I'm Thine forever—
Use me now, the lost to save!"

Now I hear the Saviour saying,
As I fight on day by day,
"As the War is, so thy strength is;
I will keep thee all the way."
And if in the fight I'm standing
When death's summons comes to me,
I shall join the ransomed thousands
Standing on the Chrystal Sea.

3 Don't You See?

AS SUNG BY CAPT. VINT.

TUNE—"*Pretty Polly Perkins.*"

I'M a Salvation Soldier, and Jesus is mine,
I'm satisfied with serving Him, and never repine;
Now the devil wants me back again to what I once have been,
But I tell him I have found a better friend,
I'm not quite so green.

CHORUS.

For don't you see, (*slow*)
When you are properly converted
And your heart is quite clean
You can snap your fingers at Beelzebub,
You know who I mean.

I tell him Jesus saves me,
And he says, "Oh! what stuff;"
I tell him of his services I have had quite enough;
And I tell him I've deserted him, and that soon makes him frown;
I tell him that the blood now cleanses me,
And that knocks him down.

If Satan bids you follow him,
You must not obey,
With temptation should he harass you just kneel down and pray,
And if he says "go so-and-so, 'twill give you delight,"
Just go and do the very opposite
And he'll take his flight.

4 "War Cry" Sellers' Song.

BY HARRY DAVIS.

TUNE—"*Follow, follow Jesus.*"

NEWS of the Army's battles I have got to sell,
News of rebels conquered, of sinners saved from hell;
News from foreign countries are recorded in this "Cry,"
News of war, of victories won—oh, come and buy!

CHORUS.

"War Cry," "War Cry," come and buy a "War Cry!"
Very cheap, five cents each—won't you come and buy?
"War Cry," "War Cry," come and buy a "War Cry!"
News of our Salvation war—oh, come and buy!

News of the Soldiers of The Army who have died,
Who have fought like heroes for Christ the crucified;
Words of cheer and counsel, words to show you how to die,
How to live and fight for God—oh, come and buy!

News of the strongholds of the devil we have won,
News of faith triumphant, of deeds of valour done;
Songs of consecration, songs of praise are in this "Cry,"
Songs of free Salvation, too—oh, come and buy!

News of the lads and lasses from Canadian Homes,
Who, to follow Jesus, leave friends so dear and fond;
News of drunkards rescued, news of fallen girls reclaimed;
News for you, that Jesus saves from sin and shame.

5 THAT DRUM.

BY A LINDSAY FRIEND.

TUNE.—"Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star," or "Meet me at the Bars."

OH what an awful row is sometimes made
About the Army drum,
You'd almost think from what some people say,
They must be just in fun!
For if they'd only come awhile and see
What victories have been won;
When next they'd hear it on the streets,
They would not look so glum!

CHORUS.

Then comrades let us beat our drum,
And make them listen, tho' they try to shun,
We know that many listening to the sound
To Jesus have been won;
So every night at half-past seven
We'll march out with our drum.

I heard a story once about a man
Who always tried to shun;
And oft came home another way for fear
He'd meet the Army drum,
As sure as he would take another street,
The Army too would come;
It seemed that he was doomed to meet
The good old Army drum.

At last he thought that he would move away
Into another town;
For though he tried, he saw it was in vain
To have the drum put down,
So in another pleasant little town,
He'd hardly settled down,
Before he found to his dismay
They had an Army drum.

Disgusted when he found that they had come,
He vowed he'd move again;
This time he thought he'd go to Canada,
For there they'll never come.
But just imagine his surprise, to find
Them many thousand strong;
To-night he marches in our ranks,
And beats the big bass drum,

6 Yonder!

BY R. J.

TUNE—"*We speak of the realms of the blest.*"

"WE speak of the realms of the blest,"
That country so bright and so fair:"
But carrying the cross is the test
Of soldiers who are going up there.

CHORUS.

"To be there!"—do your share
Of the fighting; then you shall be there!

"We speak of its pathways of gold,"
But how few of us seem much to care
For the thousands who've never been told
Of "Jesus, the Way," to get there!

"We speak of its peace, of its love,
Of the robes that the glorified wear;"
When there's no one to "jostle and shove,"
We'll all want a uniform there.

Oh, Lord, through sorrow and woe,
Our spirits for Heaven prepare,
Help us straight forward to go
And fight till we're wanted up there.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Cadet N. Crosby is promoted to be Captain at Whitby.
Cadet W. T. Smith to be Captain at Hamilton.
Lieut. Tuckey to be Captain at Dunnville.
Lieut. Madden to be Captain at Simcoe.
Lieut. Oke to be Captain at Tilbury Centre.
Lieut. Hough to be Captain at Omemee.
Lieut. Way to be Captain at Coaticooke, P.Q.
Cadet Savage to be Lieut.-in-charge at Malvern.
Cadet Johnson to be Lieut.-in charge at Enniskillen.
Cadet Bradt to be Lieut. at Norwich.
Cadet Taylor to be Lieut. at Chatham.
Cadet Vincent to be Lieut. at Forest.
Cadet Won to be Lieut. at Strathroy.
Cadet Cornell to be Lieut. at Tilbury Centre.
Cadet Blain to be Lieut. at Wingham.
Cadet Slote to be Lieut. at Port Hope.
Pte. J. M. McGilvery, Milton, to be Cadet at Stouffville.
Pte. D. Stewart, Woodstock, to be Cadet at Paris.
Pte. Gertrude Snuggs, London, to be Cadet at Wyoming.
Pte. Polly Comely, Thornbury, to be Cadet at Huntsville.
Pte. Samuel Wiggins, Milton, to be Cadet at Thornhill.
Pte. Alice Perkins, Richmond, P.Q., to be Cadet at Brockville.
Pte. D. Brown, Woodstock, to be Cadet at Oakville.
Pte. Wm. Ash, Napanee, to be Cadet at Carleton Place.

FOREIGN SERVICE.

INDIA.

Lieut. Henry Scott.

UNITED STATES.

Capt. Lulu Jones.
Lieut. Katie Jones.

MARRIED.

On the 3rd inst., in the Temple at Toronto, Staff Capt. Joshua Spooner, D. O., to Captain Isabella Hall, late in charge of the Temple corps.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner for Canada.
Dominion Headquarters,
Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 18th, 1880.

DEDICATION

To our General and his memory for all time, this enlarged edition of the

CANADIAN WAR CRY,

Is dedicated in commemoration of his visit to our beloved Dominion, in the hope and prayer that he and his successors as from time to time they read in its columns of the progress, strengthening, increase and victories of this branch of the Hallelujah vine, which he by God's help first planted on Mile End Waste, may be encouraged and nerved for harder struggles, and still more mighty conquests for the Kingdom of God.

QUEBEC The struggle in Quebec has commenced and as was expected opposition the most cruel and violent has set in. Mobs have surrounded our hall, crowds of men and boys for an hour at a time have sat and stamped jeered and yelled as our lasses have prayed, sang, or spoke of the Saviour of men. As is always the case in these scenes, the crowd has not paused a moment to listen to the message or to hear a word by which they might weigh and measure or motives, but misunderstanding and prejudging, they have refused to hear our message. Of course this is the devil's only hope, no one better than he, knows that the moment these dear French lads hear our message they will begin to think, and thinking will be convinced not only of our love for themselves and the purity and singleness of our purpose, but also of their own danger and of the loving compassion of Calvary's Christ. The authorities are doing so far as we at present learn their very best to secure for us, order and a hearing, and the Mayor and chief of police have both been present on the scene, and there is every reason to suppose the moral suasion of all classes and creeds of Quebec will be brought to bear on our behalf and on the side of right and justice. Our lasses are strong in their determination and trust in One mightier than Head Quarters and themselves, and are willing sacrifices if needs be for the Salvation of their traducers and prosecutors. Of course the victory will come as it came in Switzerland and France, and if the blood of more Salvationists be needed to pave the way, thank God there are those on the spot, and more behind who are willing to die at their posts. We are sure we need not ask for the prayers of all comrades and God's people of all creeds everywhere that these events may be over ruled to His glory, and that our comrades may find in Him all they need whether for life or death, and that the coming victory may speedily be theirs.

OPINIONS A press reporter in Ottawa has been sounding the clerical mind there, and publishing the opinions of the ministers as to the modes, measures, and success of the S. A., in the Imperial city. We remember a like course was pursued in London, Ont., some two years ago, and then as now the Ministerial body was very voluble and candid in its utterances. We are not aware how ever that the world or the Army were very much the better or the worse for its criticism, and we again look for the like result.

The opinions published are of about the usual stereotype style, a little faint praise balance: by a little watered-down condemnation, so that no one is hurt, and things remain much the same all round.

One reverend brother who is very anxious not to advertise our proceedings gives us a *hot hauling* that will send more people into Capt. Howell's meetings than a whole homily of praise from the pulpit, and another, an Arch deacon by the way, thinks very properly that we have as much right to try to do good in Ottawa as anyone else. A good Presbyterian brother, however is open to conviction and says if it can be proved that the drum is a "regenerating agent" he will be quite willing to beat it in his church, with the captain's permission. We can only refer him to Sergeant James Irwin and a few ex-toughs of the city, as to the regenerating influence of that instrument of music, and we are quite sure that the Capt. will not only grant the required permission but will be glad to lend the reverend gentleman a drum to beat. Of course this has caused a host of newspaper correspondence, and we can only thank the clerics, the paper and its correspondents for their splendid advertisement of the S. A. work in this city, whether intentional or not we do not pretend to judge but the result is the same notwithstanding.

FACE THE ENEMY EVERY WHERE While on the trip with the General I was much struck at the opportunity we Salvationists have of publishing Salvation. In nearly every train the General gave the order for a charge on the enemy, and with Salvation, song, and prayer and testimony, the car fairly rang. Oh, what power descended and of course from every part of the train they rushed into our car to hear of Salvation, and packed it until in one instance it was so crowded that the weight of the people pressed the car on to the wheels and made them almost red hot, and so were our hearts and also the shot that was fired and the people all felt the effects of it and I really believe some were converted through those meetings. Do you ever pray in the cars and speak to the people? Try it

—THE—

First and Highest Aim

—or—

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS.

By the General.

MOST Officers are only too familiar with the fact that men everywhere are in rebellion against God and suffering all manner of evil consequences therefrom. The great purpose of The Army in which the Officer is an Officer is to subdue and bring these rebellious multitudes to their rightful King, in order that they may receive His mercy, and this must be his great purpose also.

In all the dealings of the Officer with the unconverted, he must keep this subject steadily in view. Whether in the barracks or open-air, in railway carriages, omnibusses, private houses or elsewhere, he should never lose sight of the fact that his first, chiefest, all-important business with unconverted people is to save them.

Specially must he bear this in mind when he stands upon the platform and looks the unsaved crowd in the eyes, whom he knows are living in sin and going straight to hell. His work with that crowd is to get them to submit to God and accept mercy, so that He may pardon and convert them. This done, all other good things follow. Let the Officer carefully note, then, that his work with unsaved people is—

1.—Not to please or amuse them, unless such entertainment be calculated and intended to help in the attainment of the object he has in view. Nothing can be much more contemptible than for an Officer to be talking and singing and making merry with people who are on the brink of hell, instead of trying with all his might to save them from it.

2.—The work of the Officer is not to instruct sinners, except it be as to the nature of the awful disease which is hurrying them to everlasting death, and the only way by which they can obtain delieverance from it.

3.—The Officer's work is not to do religion for sinners, either before or after their conversion. Form and prayers and hymns and sacraments and all other religous ceremonial are useless while the heart is held back and the soul is in rebellion. Oblations are vain, incense is an abomination, and the solemn meetings are iniquity, until men wash themselves and make them clean and put away the evil of their doings.

4.—The work of the Office is not to make ungodly people better—that is, more moral—but to make them feel how awful bad they are, that they are lost; to take away every hope they have for earth and heaven, to break down their stubbornness, and bring them to the end of all expectation of saving themselves, so that in sheer despair they may cry to God for deliverance.

5.—The work of the Officer is not to make sinners happy. If they take his advice and come to Christ they will find as much happiness as is good for them here, and unmingled felicity afterwards. But his purpose now is to make them miserable until in sheer agony they cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

6.—If the Officer saw a ship on a rocky coast and knew she had already struck and that the water was pouring in; that she was settling down, and saw that any moment she might go to pieces, his work with the crew on board of her would be plain. No matter what they might think about it themselves, or what they might be doing at the time—if drinking or dancing or gambling—his business with those drowning sailors would be not to hold discussions about winds and tides and naval architecture, or the cause of their present calamitous position — much less to join them in their foolish merry-making—but to get them off the sinking ship as quickly as possible into the life-boat and on to the shore. When deliverance was accomplished, thanksgiving and instruction could begin.

Just so with the Officer. His first business with unconverted men—men living in sin, treasuring up wrath and every day coming nearer the breakers of damnation—is not to amuse or instruct or make them better, but to get them reconciled to God, pardoned, saved from condemnation and sin, and the perils to which those sins every moment expose them. This done, other work can commence.

The World and The Salvation Army.

BY MRS. BOOTH.

The World hates true Salvationists;—

1. Because they have FORSAKEN IT! and it is a principle in human nature to hate renegades, whether from a good or evil cause.

To have struck our colors, turned our backs on our old friends, and now to be testifying against them, can only have one justification, and that is, that the cause we forsake is a BAD ONE; this the world understands and feels, and consequently turns on its renegades with bitterest hate.

2. A true Salvationist shows his superiority and indifference to the world. He sets at nought its three great deities.

Riches, Honour, Pleasure.

The world sets the highest value on riches. Its votaries scheme, toil, suffer, and SIN TO GET RICH. Money is the golden image which it has set up. It esteems, applauds, and bows down to the rich, no matter how weak or wicked.

A Salvationist despises all this, he not only says, but sees the deceitfulness, transitoriness, and danger of riches, and he understands why Jesus put it as the extreme of God's possibility, to save a rich man—he realises the baneful effects of the spirit of pride, self-sufficiency, pomp, and independance, which riches are calculated to beget, and he abjures them and sets his affections "on things above and not on things on the earth."

If a rich man gets saved, or a saved man comes in to the possession of wealth, his first desire and concern is, how best to use it for the extension of his Master's Kingdom.

Of course the world regards all these as fools and fanatics, and hates them for their contempt of its great idol! "Marvel not if the world hates you."

3. The world is all agog after HONOR. Every one of its subjects, from the boys and girls at school, to the highest statesman next the throne, is running a race to win worldly praise, admiration, or prizes—to win a little empty breath of the applause of mortals, which when won, cannot get through the keyhole of a sick room, or bring one ray of light or hope to the glazing eye, keeps a great part of the world agoing!

A true Salvationist has learnt to despise all this—he looks down upon it as so much dross—has had, sounded in his heart, as well as his ears, "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only" He seeks only to please God and benefit man in all he does, and therefore goes on just the same amid a hurricane of curses and in face of a dungeon, as he would amid songs and hosannas.

For this the world hates him, wags its head and says, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

4. The great end of the majority of worldly people is PLEASURE in one form or another — eating, drinking, dressing, music, dancing, theatre-going, racing and gambling — these and similar pursuits, the bulk of people follow, as far as is possible to them to go—but a Salvationist could no more enter into and enjoy such things than Jesus Christ, or the apostle Paul or John.

He has got ANOTHER SPIRIT—he has no liking for such frivolities, he might have had once, but it has gone He is a new creature, and now his pleasures are of another order It is his meat and drink to do the will of God, and he finds his highest joy in communion with his fellow disciples—in singing to the Lord—running His errands—seeking His lost ones, and gathering His treasures. He has found out that even down here, "At the right hand of God are pleasures for evermore!

Hallelujah! The true Salvationist can afford to say to all this world's idols,

"Be it known unto thee, oh, world! that we will not serve thy Gods, nor worship the golden image that thou hast set up"

But marvel not that the world hateth you—for while good and evil—God and the devil continue antagonistic, it must be so.

5. Another reason why the world hates Salvationists is because they try to conquer it. A true soldier of Jesus cannot rest without a continued effort to bring all men with whom he comes in contact, under the dominion of his King.

This the world hates most of all. If these saints would only be quiet, mind their own business, stay at home, and let other people alone, it would tolerate them better, but these mad, pestilential Salvationists, at EVERYBODY everywhere about God, sin, death, judgment and Salvation. Oh! it cries, "away with them, they are not fit to live." Yes, the world hates us because we testify against it and try to bring it to God.

Perhaps someone may say, Well I can understand the World hating the Salvationists for the above reasons:

BUT WHY DO SO MANY CHRISTIANS HATE THEM ALSO?

A faithful Salvationist is a living protest against all mere formal religion, all mere ceremonies, creeds, or professions which have no life in them.

Just as life repels and overcomes the elements of death in the physical world, proving its very existence by its superiority to mere modes and appendages, so the life of God reveals and rejects old worn out systems and traditions, rising above them and making a show of them openly. Life possesses the wonderful power of adapting itself to new circumstances which enables it to flourish and propagate, where mere forms moulder and rot, simply because the new life upheaves or overgrows them. And it is just so with the Divine life It necessarily reveals death, discovers corruption and overpowers all mere organizations; it bursts the barriers of traditionalism, and leaps out in all manner of unprecedented shapes and activities. It says to the most cherished prejudices and sacred ceremonies of mere religionists, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father—but the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Anywhere and everywhere! 'Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love

If this be true, it follows that on every manifestation of Divine life in the world, the sticklers for forms and shibboleths will take the alarm and cry, "This man perverteth the nation!" and seeing that the great mass of religious people are, and always have been, mere formalists, what possible chance can the subjects of the new life have, but to be hated and persecuted as the disturbers of the peace of Israel, worthy if not of bonds and imprisonments, at least of hard words and judicial condemnation. So the time comes over again when he that killeth the saints thinks that he doeth God's service.

It would seem from the Bible and from universal experience that to be truly alive unto God is to ensure the hatred of nearly all religious people. Here is the secret of the hatred of the Salvation Army. Not it's measures, but IT'S LIFE! Whatever imperfect'ons there may be in its methods, it is

Confessedly Alive!

As a rule its members are so alive that wherever they go they breathe upon and test the dead forms everywhere around them, and of course, he who is the Prince of Death enters into these forms and inspires them either to go out and betray the Christ, in the persons of His saints, or to gnash upon them, traduce, slander, or "prosecute" them, as the case may be.

While it continues to be God's plan to manifest His life to a wicked world, and a backslidden formal church, through human saints, those saints must needs be hated and persecuted, because both world and formal church are in dire antagonism to God.

Another reason why Salvationists are hated is that they grapple with the sins of men as only live people can, or dare.

While false prophets prophesy smooth things, a formal, wordly, drinking, dressing, money making church will say "Amen! but the moment a faithful ambassador of God cries out "Ye adulterers and adulteresses know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" the whole brotherhood will turn on him and say, "Thou hast a devil?"

No doubt Satanic wisdom goes far enough to lead him, where things are rotten and quiet, to let well alone; but when the Christ possessed messenger begins to probe into the rottenness, and brings in light the hidden things of dishonesty, then they will take up stones to stone him.

My comrade, are you so faithful in exposing and reproving sin as to get well hated?

(Continued from Page 3.)

Inside, the barracks was filled to the doors, and we started off with a perfect hallelujah swing, and went on to the end with the same till a late hour. The Minstrel and Professor sang solo's and duetts. The people seemed delighted, and we dismissed only because of the time, that we might retire to prepare for our depature for Prince Edward Island. Next day we retraced our course to the Island, under much the same circumstances as we did the week previously, with the General, only that we had rougher weather. When we landed at Summerside it was exceedingly wet, we were met at the depot by the Soldiers and though effort had been made to announce the meeting well, yet in consequence of the heavy rain the barracks was but sparingly filled. We had a good meeting and we are sanguine that good was done. We were implored to stay another night, that our Summerside comrades might redeem their appreciation, but time would not allow, we had to haste away to

CHARLOTTOWN

We were met by a Royal escort of the P. E. Islanders, headed by our comrade Capt. Archibald, and after a few preliminaries we went to the barracks, which was tremendously packed, we had a glorious time in the Saturday night free-and easy. Sunday morning was a special holiness heart searching time, all the Soldiers went down together for a

THOROUGH CLEANSING DIP.

Glory to God the Lord sent floods of Salvation, in the afternoon we had a large meeting in the town hall, marched

LED BY THE HAND,

which played remarkably, for its youthfulness, and we had a grand open air on the market square, when we had the privilege of addressing some hundreds of precious people, who listened with great attention. Afternoon and night the large hall was packed, Professor Wiggins gave his remarkable testimony which to be thoroughly appreciated must be heard, the song at prayer, time went with effect as we sang

Out in the life boat speeding
Out on the sea of time
Storms and tempest unheeding
Kept by a hand divine.

After the night meeting we had a wind up. To rejoice over the souls blessed and brought to God and closed a most profitable day. Next morning early we started off and were soon under way for Summerside and weighed anchor for crossing to the mainland, we arrived at Sussex, N. B., where we had a splendid time. These people were highly delighted with the music and Salvation songs. We reached

FREDERICTON

the next night, on the march to the barracks, the Soldiers met us and we soon doffed –

GRANDFATHER BASS'S

overcoat and got to work.

Oh, what a splendid barracks!

Our God shall have the nations bye and bye, we had a splendid crowd and had a good influence in the meeting, and though no one volunteered that night, we could see prospects of it. Next day we hurried on to

WOODSTOCK

when Capt. Nancy McDonald is fighting with remarkable success, we had a splendid

RING IN THE OPEN AIR

and inside the

TOWN HALL

we let go at Beelzebub, and at the close two sou' volunteered for Jesus, we had a good time and a splendid crowd.

On, on, on, no surrender.

ST. STEPHEN

next. One of us having been here before it was like a little introduction we had a full house and a brilliant meeting, songs went well, and addresses were telling but though so good we had to say good bye once more and travel to

ST. GEORGE,

where we met Capt. Cook of

P.E.I. FAME

we went out in the open air, Professor Wiggins with his Hallelujah organette, the minstrel with his fiddle. We had a solid meeting in the open where the hills resounded with "The Waters of Jordan may roll." Professor got an egg which just missed his face; inside we had a grand time, and one soul-keep moving time to stay—off again.

ST. JOHN.

At last meeting time — Can you crush in Minstrel? We did crush, not, however, with an effort, and reached the platform where Mr. Morton, the little D. O., Capt. Beatty and a host raised a

TREMENDOUS VOLLEY

helped by the boys. First hymn after the standing prayer went with a long glory, thick and fast the songs and testimonies came with telling power, and though it was a Saturday night Free and Easy,

NINE PRECIOUS SOULS

came forward. Sunday was a splendid time.

Sunday morning, Grand Knee Drill and Holiness meeting—in the afternoon the minstrel sang a brand new song, the words by himself and music by Wiggins. It is called some of the

GENERAL'S BOYS

or those which the General said other people had for the Army.

Sunday night we had a real Blood and Fire auctionizing time. The Lord came upon us and blessed us to the filling of our souls with

"Joy inexpressible and
Full of Glory!"

and we finished the day up with a grand God glorifying Free and Easy Testimony meeting, which we had a difficulty to break up. The Soldiers and Christians were inclined to stop all night. It was a most blessed time at CARLTON on Monday night; we had a repetition of the same. On the boat coming home we had quite a time—we sang and played the drunkards quiet, and feel sanguine that good was done. Hitherto the Lord has supported us. Glory! Glory! Glory!

IFFI AND JOE.

A Few Words on Uniform

BY MARECHALE BOOTH.

THE great weakness of the Christianity of the nineteenth century is its cowardice, its want of union in a pronounced attitude against the powers of darkness. The devilish cunning of the enemy, since the beginning, has been to make possible that which God has declared to be impossible—to unite two contrary principles, God and the world. "No man can serve two masters," said Jesus. You must choose one or the other.

"Nonsense," says the devil, "that is fanaticism. Where would this carry us to? All progress would be arrested. It is necessary that business should be kept up in order that people should live." It is such language as this that we hear from the mouths of those who bear the name of Christ, Bible in hand.

Not long ago, as I expostulated with a Christian for her rich dresses and jewellery, (I said to her, by the way, that the best thing she could do was to sell them and give the proceeds to the War.) She defended herself by saying, "But if all the world were like you, the world would come to a standstill." As if this was not precisely the very purpose which Jesus had in coming upon earth — to bring *that* world to a standstill! What extraordinary ignorance! What has the world and its commerce to do with this lady? She ought to follow the Master — to obey — even if the consequence of doing her duty was to set all France praying and crying out on account of their sins, and all business was stopped.

It is to this frightful degree which the devil has succeeded in destroying the hopes and depriving of power thousands and thousands of souls. It is after this manner the Master is betrayed. They have succeeded in *making* a road by which to go to Heaven which will allow them to conform to the world, and by which there is no need to forsake all, to be hated, "to take up the cross," "to be persecuted," to bear reproach, "to be red-hot," to be a peculiar people, "to serve God always."

Officers, Soldiers, oh, that God may help us to hoist the signal of danger in the midst of those who are walking on this fatal path, and to be ourselves the implacable enemies of such mean and cruel treason. Oh, that all eyes were opened! That each Soldier would keep himself upon his guard, for the enemy with whom we have to contend surpasses all human intelligence in his deception and plots.

In approaching the subject of uniform, we desire at the beginning to make it understood that although we are only treating with this particular subject just now, the principle is applicable to *everything*—that it is not alone in our garments that we should *openly* avow ourselves on the side of Jesus Christ, but in *all* we do or say, in all our manner of living, and even in our eating and drinking.

Let us examine in the first place the objections which are made to our uniform. These are so puerile, I must say, that it will not be necessary to refer to them at length.

1st. "AH! IT IS TO MAKE YOURSELVES OBSERVED!" Precisely, we wish to attract attention by every means in our power, in order to turn that attention towards our King. How can we talk about His rights without making ourselves the subject of remark? It is not logic.

Not only should we be ready to make ourselves observed, but to suffer and to die in working for that end! They would be sorry Soldiers who would be afraid to be recognized in the service of their Master.

2nd. "BUT," YOU SAY AGAIN, "IT GLORIFIES THE FLESH." Really! Try the experiment for yourself; you will soon find out there is no danger on that side.

3rd. "IT IS NOT WRITTEN IN THE BIBLE THAT IT IS NECESSARY TO WEAR UNIFORM!" Neither is it written in the Bible that ministers are to wear a black robe when preaching. We are allowed to be as free as the air in these questions; but the entire spirit of the New Testament is in our favour, on the grounds of simplicity and of open confession. One thing is certain, that Jesus Christ would not approve of the way the majority of Christians of the present day dress, nor of their immense superfluous expences on dress and luxury of every sort, while the world is perishing.

"Look here," I said one day to a lady, pointing to her dress, would you go out in this dress with Jesus in person?" Hesitation—embarrassment—silence!

"Certainly not," I replied; "you would be very uncomfortable." Listen. "Whosoever is ashamed of Me and My words in this sinful and adulterous generation, of him the Son of Man shall be ashamed when he comes in the glory of the Father with His holy angels." And, "I say unto you, whosoever confesses Me before men, the Son of Man shall likewise confess before the angels."

Is it confessing to conform to this world?

I ask you—Is it to confess Him for the daughters of Zion to run after the fashions of the daughters of Baal?

Let us now consider the reasons in favour of the uniform.

1st. WE ARE AN ARMY.

Nobody objects to the uniform in postmen, railway officials, earthly armies, and many other organizations who wear it. All these feel its necessity in view of a certain practical object; for a greater reason the Soldiers of Jesus Christ should be recognized as being on the side of heaven, especially in face of this worldliness which has invaded Christianity and has deprived it of its primitive power to such an extent.

2nd. THE IMPORTANCE OF THE MANNER OF DRESSING. It is sometimes said that the garments are of no importance, but this is a mistake. The first thing that strikes you in persons is their dress, even before they begin to speak, and often it is sufficient to give the key to their character; again it is important that our exterior should be in conformity with the dignity of the mission with which we are charged. I do not wish to say that we should attach too much value to what we wear. No, but that everything should be consistent.

3nd. ECONOMY. The uniform saves not only money, but time and thought. It is no small matter – the amount of money, the precious hours and attention which have already been taken in this manner from the service of the devil and consecrated to the Saviour throughout the entire Army everywhere. No more trying to match colors, shapes and prices. What is absolutely necessary is adopted and settled for life.

4th. PROPRIETY AND NEATNESS. Nothing is more useful than these two qualities in the interests of our object. Just as an untidy toilet repels, so a simple and orderly toilet inspires confidence. Therefore the sooner, my dear Soldiers, that you both, men and women, put on uniform the better. At the same time there are in some cases obstacles beyond your control, such as opposition on the part of the parents or employers. I take them into account. In such cases you can adopt a plain dress as much like the uniform as possible, and wear "S's" on the battle-field whenever there is not an unavoidable obstacle.

One word for those (and I know they are numerous) who have resisted the Holy Spirit on that point. They have been convinced that they ought to adopt The Army uniform, and they have not obeyed; but all the excuses that the tempter or friends have furnished them with have not succeeded in appeasing their consciences or make up for the loss of power which has been the inevitable consequence of their disobedience.

If you who read this recognize your own case, *whoever you are*, take care! Forsake as quickly as possible a road in which you will find nothing but condemnation, and tell the Lord: "I will follow Thee, obey Thee, even if there will be a blank all around me!" Then you will be baptised afresh from on high; you will get the *victory!*

Fathers, mothers, relatives do not by your prejudices and your own ideas chill the spontaneous desire of your children to declare themselves for God.

"Ah!" said a mother to me, "my daughter has not always been like this; when she was a child, she showed herself so in earnest, I can now remember her prayers and that thirst she always had for the things of God. But it is her education . . . . I sent her to friends, right and left; by degrees the world gained the upper hand. I am to blame. It is my fault! It is my fault!"

Another told me, "If I had known, instead of fearing, she would become too extreme, I would rather have encouraged her in that direction. I should have preserved my child for God, for He had certainly called her: but now it is too late!"

"But, do you, then, believe that the only real Soldiers of Jesus Christ are in The Salvation Army?"

My reply to this is, "I know others, and I am happy to know them; but I don't know any, anywhere, that are NOT KNOWN."

The War in other Lands.

England.—Things are getting hotter and hotter at Torquay. All our efforts at conciliation have failed, and advantage has been taken of our desire not to provoke a conflict. Captain Kendall and two Soldiers, at the time of writing, are in prison, at Exeter, for a month without hard labour, and this in a Christian country, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-six. The end is not yet! This is not our first difficulty!

Latest advices say that it has been impossible to restrain the townspeople from paying the fines and all the prisoners are liberated.

Colonel and Mrs. Ballington are on the war-path and are having magnificent meetings in the provinces.

Commissioner Railton has not yet returned from Germany, but is on his way *via* Paris.

EXTRACT.—"Glad to say the Lord in saving policemen. We have eighty-four saved in Sheffield; a little over two years ago we had only fourteen."

Captain Sully, of Chatham, after long and faithful service, has been appointed Staff-Captain and A.D.C. to Major Ridsdel, of Kent.

Always some new thing. In January not more than thirty candidates were in the field, now, in October, we have at least 250 in the field who have not passed through the Training Home. This has arisen from the number sent abroad, and from the extension of the British work making it impossible for the Training Home to keep pace. I believe thoroughly in the new depot plans a more practical training will be given, there will be more certainty of unsuitable persons being rejected, and in addition double the number will be trained. The work of the Training Home is the keystone to the world's conquest.

The Chief has received a personal letter from the General, who says that his voyage has done him more good than any rest he has had for years, and that all the way he was not sea-sick. American papers to hand, have columns on columns of references to The General's visit, prior to his arrival. One thing is clear that the result will be a drawing closer together of The Salvation Army in the old and new country.

Ireland is going up. The opening of Downpatrick was a brilliant success, and the work continues to prosper. Major Stonehill has won the confidence and esteem of the Irish people. The Belfast riots have upset most things, but the Salvation Army rolls on. Our processions are unmolested. During the worst time the Major commenced midday open-air meetings on a large piece of spare ground to catch the people who were standing about the streets. The police saw that we were trying to find the people something better to think of than riot and bloodshed, so volunteered their help to keep order, and requested that the meetings should be continued. Why don't the police, everywhere, recognise us as their natural allies in the preservation of order.

France.—A soldier living in Paris writes to a comrade: "One cadet who has been here about a week was taken to the police station for selling "En Avants" without a permit. They kept her there from five o'clock in the morn-till about 10 a.m. Miss ——— and a cadet went to fetch her at that hour and found that she had had a splendid time. She told us the following: 'Before I had been long in the police station I had a large group of policemen around me who questioned me about L'Armée du Salut with great interest, and I was able to tell them a good deal.' When her comrades arrived one of the men said, 'She has been trying to convert us but has not yet succeeded.' The Supt. of Police said: 'It would be a very good thing if you could convert my boys here (the policemen), but you cannot convert me.' Several of the men promised to come to the meetings, so the devil did himself much more harm than good.

La Maréchall has just completed a tour of three months through France and Switzerland and is able to look back upon a long catalogue of success.

La Maréchall has also presented colors to the La Mestre corps in the Ardèche. The barracks, although an old barn, was crowded with people and it was an interesting service in every sense.

The Channel Islands.—Are awkwardly placed for Major Adams of the Southern Division, and yet they are not sufficiently numerous to make a separate Division. It has, therefore, been decided to make them into a separate district under Major Adams, putting them in charge of Staff Captain Brookes from Manchester, who will also take command of Guernsey I.

The Property Department is being reorganized so as to make room for the Property League business.

AFRICA.

Farewell of the Cavalry Brigades.

Considerable interest was aroused in Port Elizabeth over the departure of the Hallelujah Bushrangers. On the night of the dedication it was proposed to have the oxen and the waggon in the hall, but the latter could not be got in at the door, so the meeting took the form of a farewell and presentation of colors to Staff-Capts. Alexander and Hayman, Lieut. John Smith, the Hallelujah bullock-driver, who sang in Zulu and spoke in Dutch, and Cadets Pretorious, Lenders, Tee and Smith. Meat, bread and pumpkins and provisions of all sorts were handed up to them as they rolled out of town next morning amidst the blessings and good wishes of the people. One old woman said, "God bless you, Major, wherever you go. Although I am a sinner, may many sinners be saved!" Amen we say, and God save the old woman." Their first "outspan" was at Bethelsdorp, a place well known to the readers of South African missionary lore, a little native village. The missionary made them welcome to his home, and allowed them the use of his schoolroom for a meeting. The next Hall was at Uttenage, where they had crowded meetings and six souls.

Du Toits Pan is going ahead. The roughs gave Staff Capt. Slack £3 towards his expenses to Cape Town after the ordinary collection.

INDIA.

TELEGRAM FROM COLOMBO.

21st September, 1886.

Commissioner Tucker and Officers arrived, Sunday 19th. Fourth Anniversary of arrival in India. Grand reception. Large crowds. Great excitement, Splendid band of the new detachment to the front. Great procession. Monday march on Morituwa.

HOW THEY GET ON IN GUJARAT.

Capt. Isu Charan is busy with his Outposts and expecting one of them to become a station. Hallelujah.

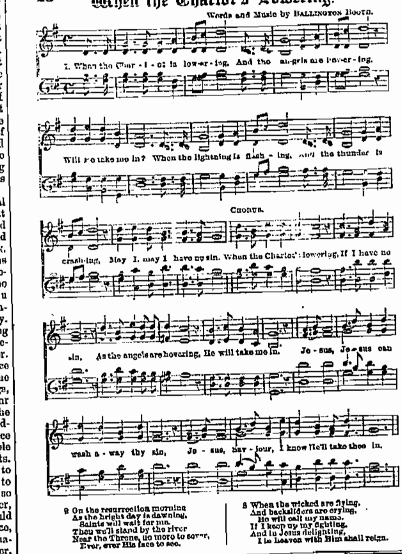
In *Palej* we had a terrible fight, two of our Officers were put in the village lock-up by a simple government man. These folks try to show more influence than some Collectors. *None to do justice.* But God was for us and gave us the victory. Fear took hold of the prosecutor he was apparently backed up by somebody from behind. Awful, the devil is everywhere!

Anand is marching on to victory under the command of the Hallelujah lasses. Between fifty or sixty come to the Holiness Meetings on Sundays. Some of the soldiers have taken much interest about feeding their officers. So for these souls we had to make a little alteration while I spend some time in Ranipur, Nariad and other places.

Ranipur. Last night arrived here and had some nice times with the Lord. Am longing to see the stiffness broken down by the power of God. Amen. During the day we were visited by some friends. The Lord bless them. We are praying and believing for victory. The devil is still powerful here, his works are being more exposed now in this station. How Christ weeps over them. My heart sighs when I see and hear the professors (so-called) trampling the blood of Jesus under their feet. How shall they escape? Comrades pray for them. Look out for Nariad report soon.

26 **When the Chariot's Lowering.**

Words and Music by BALLINGTON BOOTH.



2 On the resurrection morning
As the bright day is dawning,
Saints will wait for me.
Then we'll stand by the river
Near the Throne, no more to sever,
Ever, ever His face to see.

3 When the wicked are flying,
And backsliders are crying,
He will call my name.
If I keep up my fighting,
And in Jesus delighting,
I in heaven with Him shall reign.

Bandsmen, Why Do You Play?

An Open Letter to My Comrades of the S. A. Bands throughout the Dominion.

Do you play to please God? Now this is a question which should be answered by every bandsman. I have been delighted, during the General's visit, to hear such splendid Salvation playing by our bands, in fact, never with only two exceptions, did I hear anything like introductions, and I am told that when these bands were reminded that only Salvation music must be played, they quit the introduction business right away. I can tell you the playing was magnificent. I don't know how the people felt, but it fairly stirred my heart.

NOTHING LIKE SALVATION MUSIC

to make things swing and go, and when Salvation music is played by proper Salvationists whose hearts are all aglow with love to God and precious souls, God only knows the mighty effect it has in making men and women think about Salvation. "But then" says some bandsman, "I heard the General say that all music belonged to God." Well, what do you make of that. That is quite true, but we want to and must play that music which is so arranged that it will do the most good and help on the service of the King most blessedly. But here's the question I would like to ask my fellow-bandsmen, and perhaps it will answer the question as asked me. "Do you play to please the people or to save them?" Mind there is a vast difference between the two. Now, I am quite sure if every bandsman will sit down and look at it, and ponder over the matter, he will see that the mission of our Army is

NOT TO PLEASE BUT TO SAVE

men. You are all perfectly well aware that the devil and the world go in for pleasing, and in the end is damnation. We go on a different track altogether. We seek to save them that they may live forever. Although I am a bandsman of some years standing, I have failed up to this hour to see how these introductions and this rat-a-ta-tat can bless the souls of the people, and I never heard anybody well up in Salvation work who could show me to the contrary. "Well, but," say you "I like it." Ah, now we have it; I can here answer you. If I know anything of the Salvation Army, and if I have gathered anything from what the General said in Toronto the other day, it was this, viz: that we neither had uniform, nor flags, nor barracks to please ourselves, in fact, the Salvation Army did not exist to please ourselves, and we only used these things to save souls because we believed they were the best calculated to attain that end. So that you see, dear brother bandsmen, if we do any of these things to please ourselves, it is right contrary to the spirit of the Army we love so well, and of course we bandsmen would be the last to do anything of that sort. Honestly before the Lord, my dear brother bandsmen, my soul is always blessed when we play something full of life and power, which has some good Salvation words set to it, and it makes my heart leap for joy and sets all the boys singing. I am really jealous for our Canadian bandsmen, that we may live, sing, play, and pray, and follow the Lord Jesus so closely that we may be a pattern to the world.

CORNET.

ALL ROUND

A Berlin paper says:—"The persecution which was heaped upon the Salvation Army people didn't seem to have the desired effect. The meetings on Sunday, we are told, were of great interest and resulted in quite a number of conversions. We are glad to hear that there was no disturbance, though the "barracks" was crowded at all the services." This looks like victory.

* * *

A captain in ordering the new "War Cry" says: "I will do my best to push the sale, believing that it will be a greater blessing, if possible, to the people than the old one has been. Cadet and I visit nearly all the saloons in the city with the "War Cry" and, as a rule, are received kindly by all the hotel-keepers and their customers.

* * *

Another officer writes: "I want to send something for the "War Cry" every week. I pray God to help me to use every talent I have for Him, and to keep me humble when the old devil says, "that's good," and to keep me from being discouraged, when he says, "that's no good."

* * *

I heard an officer say: "I shall take a little trouble in folding the new "War Cry," and all that I sell in the barracks I shall cut the leaves before taking them to meeting, it won't take long and it will greatly help people to enjoy the "Cry" before the meeting commences without tearing it." That fellow means business, I thought. Won't you take the hint.

* * *

A friend in Hastings County, writes: "I could not do without the WAR CRY, I have been getting it for a year and I know it has been the means of saving and keeping some in this back-woods place. I have never seen the Salvation Army, but oh! I would like to see it marching in our village." Keep believing sister!

* * *

There has been trouble at Bloomfield an old Methodist has "found out that there is no necessity for the S. A. Barracks there, the churches are not full, and although the Army has been used in converting the Bloomefield heathen, he does not understand why they want to make extraordinary means for saving souls a permanency. Then one of the said "heathen" says that the Army is required, not only as an extraordinary means to keep those that have been saved, but also to save a good many more. We are rather inclined to agree with the "heathen" for once.

* * *

A Salvation Soldier at S——, in his experience said, if I had to buy Salvation the night I wanted it, I could not have got it, for I had only a cent the night I came to the penitent form, and although it is only 8 months since I joined the Army. I have gained 20 pounds in weight. Salvation is cheap, and good, and profitable, as well for the body as the soul. Glory and Hallelujah.

* * *

Another sister is made of the same material. She caught my arm and said, "Oh, Captain, I do want to do something for Jesus. Can't I go, isn't there some place on the field for me. I've only been converted ten days, I know, but I do want to tell others that are going down to hell what a Saviour I have found. I was a poor, ignorant sinner, and I do so want to go and lead those who are in the same position to my Saviour, and I'm sure God will help me bring them."

* * *

The little boy was questioned as to what he intended to be. "I shall be a missionary, and go to India. "Why will you go to India, and what will you do there?" "I shall tell those little heathen boys and girls that Jesus loves them and died for them. The children and people here know all about it, but unless someone goes the heathen can never hear of Jesus."

DIVISIONAL REPORT

TORONTO.

YORKVILLE.

A FAREWELL FOR INDIA AND ANOTHER FROM SIN

Bless God, we are still marching on here. Yesterday was a blessed day, from 7 at knee-drill the glory came, filling our souls, till late at night. We had our Hindoo comrades with us, and the power of the living God was very near, even the roughest and stoutest hearts were silenced when our comrades spoke of India, where they were going to work for God. Everyone was silent, some weeping, while God in power spoke to every soul in the building. One poor lad, burdened with sin, came to our Saviour, and got saved. Hallelujah.

Capt. & Mrs. Gage.

TORONTO II.

LIPPINCOTT STREET LANCERS LASHING THE DEVIL.

On Sunday evening we had Lieut. Nickleson and Lieut. Blondel, the French lass. The power of God was felt in a mighty way, as Lieut. Nickleson was farewelling to her friends and acquaintances, as she told how that nothing but the love that God had for her in giving Jesus to suffer for her, would ever induce her to leave home and friends to go and tread the hot scorching sands of India to preach Jesus to the Heathen, many of the people were in tears and deeply convicted, and one poor sin-sick soul came and threw herself down at the bleeding feet of Jesus and found peace for her troubled soul. To God we give all the glory.

Cadet Smith for Capt. Young.

BROOKLIN.—Captain Woodgate. The Brooklin "Times" says that "the Salvation Army is increasing in this village of late," and that is true. We have been here just seven weeks, and from the first day when we put our feet down in this village we made up our minds that God would give us the victory, and He has done so. It is true the numbers have increased and the very ones that have been so much against the Army are turning around and helping us. Glory to God!

GOODWOOD.—Cadet E. Johnson. Praise God! this morning finds us saved. I am trying to pull down the devil's forts. It is a hard job to tackle, but I am glad that on our side we have the power that brings victory. Friday's meeting was one the Soldiers of this corps won't forget this side of the river, and I believe that there is going to be more true fighting done in the front of the foe. They have been good knee-drill soldiers, but now their day of fighting is come. Look out for victory. Amen.

BRAMPTON.—Cadet House. Truly our God has been true to His promise, to be with us this past week bless His dear name. We have seen three prodigals and one soul down at the foot of the cross crying for mercy. Glory to God. Deep conviction on some of the people. Blessed times, the Lord has truly poured out his spirit upon us, Hallelujah Soldiers going in for more of God, our motto is holiness. Lord lead us on, is the prayer of our hearts. Pray for us.

QUEBEC.

AT 7 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 31st., we held our first public knee-drill in Canada's ancient capital, and there were besides us four lasses, 9 others, present brothers and sisters. Our meetings had been announced in the public papers and a placard was put on the door of the hall announcing the time of the meetings during the Sunday, this, however, was torn down early on the Saturday. Our comrades will understand that for the present at least we do not have open air meetings. Long before the 11 o'clock meeting the hall was filled with young lads, chiefly French speaking, and when we entered, they at once commenced to cheer and stamp. We saw at once that they had come determined that we should not be heard, but as we looked at them we felt that God would stand by us so long as we stood to our posts, and did our duty, and as we saw the material right before us for a mighty host for God we determined to let love and patience have their work knowing that victory was the Lord's and He would claim it bye and bye. The only thing that they would listen to was our singing and that only for a little while. After a time they began to climb on to the platform and break the seats, so profiting by our experience in days gone by in France and Switzerland we closed and left the place.

In the afternoon we waited on the Chief of Police, and he received us most kindly, and as we asked for the property to be protected he promised to do his best, and as we desired would not make any arrests unless it was absolutely necessary. We gave him to understand that these very lads who were so unruly, would, we felt sure after they had come to understand us, be our best friends and many of them true Soldiers of Jesus Christ.

At night the chief and several Officers were present but were altogether unable to quell the noise of stamping and cheering and laughter. However we feel that the people heard enough to convince them of our aim and the sincerity of our desire to be a blessing to them, and a great many silenced down and would have listened if the others would have allowed them. Some of the ministers present expressed themselves more than satisfied with the progress made so far.

We have already let the public know that we are professional beggars and are begging furniture for our quarters, and some kind friends are helping us. Some of the crowd seem to be very exasperated against us, and we heard used such words as "Kill them! Kill them!" as we passed from the hall escorted by the police—God bless them of course they do not as yet understand us and the love that has brought us amongst them—of course if it is God's will that we should die at our post here we are to die for the Salvation of Quebec.

On Monday night we had a much larger crowd both inside and outside our hall, when we arrived we found that the Mayor had preceeded us and was already addressing the crowd and claiming order, expressing his determination to secure quietness at all cost. We had a splendid meeting all listening attentively, they were chiefly men with the exception of a few ladies in the gallery. We all felt that God was present and although nothing was seen as a result, there was marked conviction, especially during the singing of the solos. The crowd outside was very turbulent and large stones were thrown through the windows which alarmed the congregation considerably. The police, who, God bless them, have acted nobly, and a body of gentlemen protected us to our lodgings. We have many kind friends and although collections have been impossible many private gifts have been handed to us, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union have shown every possible attention. Our little quarters will soon be furnished and with the arms of Omnipotence around us we feel we are safe, we are all in good spirits, well saved, and sure of victory.

Capts. Simcoe and Chaponeu.

HAMILTON.

HAGERSVILLE.

We are glad we are still alive. The devil had to confess so as we marched out Saturday night, drum playing and torches blazing, and as we returned to the hall some poor drunkards came back and one came to Jesus. He came again at knee drill and got free, making in a week two drunkards and one poor, lost sinner saved. Many more to follow. We covet nothing but the spirit of Jesus. Capt. Syer.

PORT DOVER.—Captain Smith. Hallelujah! the battle is still raging and victory is on our side. This past week we have captured three prisoners for our King. Wednesday night meeting led by the sisters. At the close of the meeting one sister came to the mercy seat for salvation. Thursday another sinner wept her way to Jesus and found Him to the joy of her soul. Saturday night hallelujah sing-song. Open air meeting just grand, 23 in ranks. Inside barracks packed and everything went with a swing. At the close of the meetings soldiers and officers stood up and consecrated themselves afresh to God, determined that Sunday should be a grand day, and so it was from 7 a. m. till 10 p.m. Afternoon one lad came to Jesus for Salvation. At night he was marching and speaking for Jesus, making three for the week.

VITTORIA.—Capt. R. Smith. Sunday afternoon two Soldiers and myself went to Vittoria and held two meetings, one in the afternoon and one at night, a nice meeting in the afternoon, one sinner wept on account of sin but would not yield to the Spirit's striving. Attendance rather small at night owing to the stormy night. God bless and save the villagers.

NOTE.—In this Division there are 19 stations and 9 outposts. Two stations and 1 outposts reported this week. The Lord and the D. O. wake them up.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN.

BENJAMIN'S SHARE.

Glory to God, victory still! Sinners are coming to Jesus every night. Our Holiness meetings are times of power and great blessing. Last Friday as soon as the pool was opened over twenty stepped trembling in and came out cleansed from sin. Saturday night Staff-Capt. Griffiths, Capt. Wiggins and Mrs. D. O. Morton to the front we had a blessed time; a jubilee on earth and in heaven as nine precious souls sought and found Jesus. Sunday God was with us all day, tremendous crowds though we did not see much fruit I am sure there was a lasting impression made. As we closed the afternoon meeting, a man sent for me to come and see him, I went to his house, found him in a very low state of health and very anxious about his soul. We pointed him to Jesus, sang and prayed, he prayed and believed and God set him free. He gave us his testimony in these words, "I feel if I die now I shall go right straight to Heaven." His wife who was unsaved melted right down and gave her heart to God, now they are rejoicing in Jesus love. Glory to God. Closed the week with sixteen for pardon and twenty for sanctification.

Capt. Ben. Beatty.

ST. GEORGE N. D.

A QUARTETTE, THE MINISTREL, THE PROFESSOR, THE BOYS AND THE DEVIL.

Praise God! Friday night we had with us the Welsh Minstrel and Capt. Wiggins. We marched out twenty-four strong and having no torches a couple of lanterns fastened on two poles did quite nicely. Quite a large crowd gathered around us to see what was going on and to have a look at the professor's organ. We told them of Jesus, and invited them to come to our barracks. How the boys laughed when grandfather Bass came in, but he did good service. Then we settled right down and as our comrades told their experience, the power of God came down and we believe many were convicted of their sins. As we went into the prayer-meeting one dear sister came to Jesus; praise God! Altogether, it was a blessed enjoyable time. The boys said they would give 25 cts. to come the next night if our comrades would stay, but as their services were needed elsewhere, they could not. We pray God to go with them and make them a blessing.

Capt. Cook.

ST. STEPHEN.

BUSINESS!!

Meetings this week good both outside and in. Thursday the Welsh Minstrel and Capt. Wiggins had a wack at the old devil. As they told how God had rescued them, and poured in hot gospel shot, we felt work was done for eternity. Friday, into the fountain for a baptism of Holy Ghost. Saturday, saved drunkards testified to God's power to save from drink. Sunday, meetings of blessing and power. This week three souls and two prodigals have been rescued from sin. All glory to God.

Capt. Todd.

LETETE.—(St. George Outpost.)—Capt. Cook. Having heard that a change was as good as a rest, I thought I would spend Saturday and Sunday with our Letete comrades. We commenced our Sunday on Saturday night and it was a blessed time to our souls. All day Sunday the Lord blessed us. We felt it was indeed good to serve Him. The night meeting was the crowning time. Everybody pitched right in. I tell you those sailor lads sing proper, and we wound up the day with one poor prodigal in the fountain, and many more troubled on account of sin.

MILTON.—Capt. Temple. We are still rattling away at the forts of darkness, and Jesus is giving us the victory, the devil has been trying to live amongst us, but Jesus shall have the sway, as two of our comrades, farewelled for the battle field, all the congregation rose and promised to meet them in heaven, 3 started right away. Closed the week with 8 for the Kingdom.

LESKARD.—Cadet Dykes. Thank God we are beautifully saved after another week's fighting. The devil is beginning to kick a bit, but thank God we have the whole armour on. We are not getting a great rush yet, praise God we are steadily marching on, and with hard work, and holy living we are confident we shall see the people of Leskard brought to the feet of Jesus.

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

OTTAWA.

THE OLD LIVERY.

Thank God we can say this morning that we have had the victory. Since last report many souls have come to Jesus, and gone away happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Hallelujah. Our present barracks was once a livery stable, but Jesus was born in a manger, and so were hundreds of souls spiritually in this city. Bless Him, He is no respecter of places. Yesterday was a day of continual victory from 7 a.m. knee-drill till we closed at night with souls in the fountain. In the afternoon we had a big open-air meeting in the Lower Town, where the devil reigns supreme. But we hope soon to see them laying down the carnal weapons and fight with the sword of the Spirit. Our Holiness meetings are grand, and many are seeing the necessity of living a pure and holy life, and not only seeing it, but are going in for it.

Lieut. Ed. White.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION.—Thank God for a few Blood and Fire Soldiers who are willing to do anything for their Saviour. This week has been one of blessing to ourselves. Although there have been no visible results we believe the Lord is working, and that before long we are going to see a mighty turn ing to God. We mean to do our duty.

Cadet O. West.

MONTREAL I.—Dear WAR CRY, you have not heard from us for some time, but we are nicely saved and having grand times. We saw 14 souls come to God for pardon last week, and numbers for purity.

HALLELUJAH!

victory through the Blood.

Capt. Marshall.

N. COATICOOK.

THE CONQUERORS STILL ON THE MOVE.

Meetings small all week, but a feast day on Sunday around our Father's table. At night one returned to our Saviour, who is always more willing to give than his children are to ask. Yet there's more to come, and we'll have them for King Jesus.

Capt. Will.

PERTH.—Another week of victory; meetings grand all week; we find hard fighting makes good soldiers, and we can thank God for some who mean to fight. Sunday night, as we gave out "Whosoever will," one poor lad got up and came out and threw himself at the Saviour's feet, and just like our God, He did the work well. We mean victory or death.

Lieut. J. Crook.

PEMBROKE.—Capt. Fraser. Since our last report we have seen seven precious souls brought to the Master, the fighting here has been hard and the way dark, but at last the cloud has broken and we are believing for showers of rain and draughts of fishes. Our old rink is getting very cold, and we some times have to fight in the open air, but anything for Jesus that He might use us for His glory.

BARRIE.

AURORA.

BUBBLING UP TIMES.

Victory through the Blood, that has been our cry this week and thank God we were not disappointed the week commenced well and it finished up better. Monday night one soul that gave us encouragement, thank God he is working mightily in us, the Soldiers are more determined than ever. While out visiting the tears can be seen stealing down over the faces of the unsaved and while talking and praying with one she burst right out in tears and cried for pardon, and the dear Lord set her free. Hallelujah. So the work is going on, there is a great harvest of souls here in the near future. One Soldier said while testifying that the devil had got her to reason with him, but when she found that it was the devil she said to him be gone I don't want to be grumbling, and such a wave come over her in the cook house that she felt like Billy Bray to jump and shout. Another one said that she had something inside that kept bubbling up, that made her feel happy. Oh, it is bubbling up and running over. Yesterday, Sunday was the best day we have spent for some time, in the afternoon the power came upon us swayed us to and fro, the people were held spell bound, and thank God one was swayed into the fountain, closed the week with three souls for the Master's granary tired in body but well in soul, believing for much greater things.

Capt. Ham.

SCHOMBERG.—Cadet Coombs. Glory to God for His keeping power, On Saturday night one poor backslider who had wondered away from the fold of Christ, came to His loving arms and found rest, hallelujah. We feel more determined than ever to fight for Jesus until He calls us to wear our crown.

THORNBURY.—Lieut. Collier. Good meeting, one soul saved on Wednesday night gave up his tobacco, says it has not troubled him since, more convicted keep believing.

HUNTSVILLE.—Capt. Fisher. Hallelujah the Lord is saving souls up here among the rocks and many who a few weeks ago were in darkness are to day praising God in the S. A., we have had some blessed times. Friday night holiness meeting grand, and as we got upon our knees and sang "I'm glad there's cleansing in the Blood," three precious souls sought pardon. Saturday night good free and easy. Sunday God was with us in power at the 11 o'clock meeting God saved a young man in his seat and so filled him that he could do nothing but shout glory. In the afternoon husband and wife knelt together at the penitent form and sought the Saviour. Blessed influence at night, closed the week's fight with eight souls for the Master.

BEETON.—Cadet Wilkinson. This morning finds us nicely saved and we can truly thank God for the way he leads us, last week was a grand week to our souls and we can truely say Salvation gets better all the way along. Last night made the people look when they saw four new faces on the platform and one of them has been a member of the Presbyterian church for years saved now, glory to God and one soul for the Kingdom. Beeton going away up.

FEVERSHAM.—Cadet Smith. Hallelujah, we are still alive and saved, thumping away at sin and the devil, his followers are sticking to him pretty well, it does seem strange they will not yield, with all the light they have got, and through the grace our God has given them through the spirit convicting them of sin righteousness and judgment, they go on being kept under a delusion by the devil that they are born to be lost or saved, a great many think if they are to be saved they have to wait for a irresistable call. May God wake them up to the fact that He calls now.

COLDWATER.—Lieut. Brown. Hallelujah, Jesus shall reign till he hath put all enemies under His feet. Our hearts yearn over the poor perishing souls in this place, and we believe that holy living and mighty faith will soon break up the devil's Kingdom here. As we deal with the people, for eternity we can see conviction written in their faces but the not to-day devil is hard at work and again and again they grieve the spirit of God by going from the meetings still unsaved. God save is our prayer.

STROUD.—Capt. Mudge. During the past week God has been with us in a wonderful way. God has been revealing and hearts have obeyed. In our holiness meetings what weeping and crying for freedom, was this all in vain no, our Father answers the prayer of a humble and contrite heart, and while we are in the Fountain we mean to stay and plead for poor souls to come and get cleansed. Our motto is Holiness unto the Lord.

GRAVENHURST.—Capt. Dawson. We have a full Salvation this morning Glory to the Bleeding Lamb and we have seen two precious souls come to Jesus and He saved them, they will be good Soldiers. God bless them amens

MIDLAND.—Capt. Turner. God is still blessing us and giving us the victory. The last week has been a time of special power and blessing. On Thursday night three precious souls were led to see their sins, and at once found that Jesus the same to-day as of old, the friend of sinners. Of course he took them in and gave unto them the holy spirit to live and engir within their hearts. Sunday was a blessed day; We began knee drill with the largest number we have had yet, God blessed us and gave us the witness that we were going to have the victory. All through the day we felt God was with us, and at night the Holy Ghost took hold of the people in their seats and one soul volunteered to join the ranks of King Jesus. Our determination is to go in and do more than ever we have done for the precious souls that are going to hell.

NOVA SCOTIA.

LUNENBURG.

OPENING UP A GOOD RECEPTION.

Everybody told us to look out we should get a warm reception, and so we did but not as the devil would have wished it. We came on to the march two strong, but glory to God the promise is that one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight, so it must have been in this case as the batteries of hell were silenced and the enemies of God's host like the Medianitish host were driven back, and while the crowd were looking on all they could see were two. But there were a mighty host of unseen guardians with God at the head, and while we were speaking the audible amen was heard. Hall jammed in the afternoon with people curious to know who we were, and what we were like, but were compelled to look from us to Christ as He was held up unmistakably before their eyes. Evening place packed. Monday we visited the boats and on the wharves selling our WAR CRYS. Not one single slur or scoff at the Salvation Army but they readily bought our Crys and song books, proprietors as well as men. We have not yet seen the fruit, but glory be to God we have every reason to believe that God is going to fulfill His word.

Capt. Manton.

HALIFAX.—Capt. Totten. Praise God we are still fighting on. We are having some blessed times and we are daily proving more of God's goodness to us, and more than ever realizing that our warfare is a real warfare and that the devil we have to fight is a real devil and by God's help we mean to be real soldiers. This week the enemy got defeated, five prisoners captured and lots wounded,

WINDSOR.

ONE LANDED HOME AND MORE ON THE JOURNEY.

We are still marching along here and having the victory. Blessed meetings yesterday and one soul won for the Saviour. One dear girl who was converted through visiting has recently passed away, her last words as her spirit passed away were "Jesus take me now." Although not any Army funeral, we had the privilege at her graveside of speaking a few words to those present and one soul professed to find the Saviour. God is also working a marvellous change in the hearts and homes of many here. One brother said when he went home and told his wife he had joined the Army she said it was no use, for he would not be able to stop drinking rum, but now she is saved too, and can testify to the change in their home. Another comrade said before he was converted he scarcely knew whether he had a home or not, it was so miserable, and he never went home sober, now both himself and wife are converted, and there is a wonderful change already. People said he would never stand, four months have passed since he got converted, and he feels more determined than ever. Another brother whose wife had been praying for his conversion a long time, told us he used to go home the worse for liquor, and fight the table, now there is a transformation scene, they have family prayer. Many such testimonies we could give of God's power to save, and we are determined in the strength of Jesus to fight on.

Capt. Banks.

The poorest Salvationist who realises his acceptance as a child of God knows more about religion than the wisest philosopher of Greece or Rome.

DIVISIONAL REPORT.

PALMERSTON.

TEESWATER.

We can report victory on Israel's side. Glory to God. Meetings good all week. Since our last report two souls have left the ranks of sin and the devil and came over on the Lord's side; we are believing for some more. Cadets Staigers and Sellons.

HANOVER.—Hallelujah! We can rejoice over one precious soul plucked from the burning and giving up drink and tobacco. A real grand case and believing for a lot more fish in this town. We mean victory through the blood of the Lamb.—Capt. Kemp.

HARRISTON.

GAINING GROUND. Praise God for victory on Israel's side. Grand meetings all day yesterday. The "holiness meeting" was a mighty soul-searching time and one prodigal gave himself to God afresh—tobacco and all, and another soul cast himself at the feet of Jesus and got gloriously saved. Hallelujah! with holy living prayer and faith we shall gain the victory in this place. Glory to God. Cadet Bechtel.

OLINTON.

THE DEVIL TURNED OUT. Bless the Lord. Last Wednesday night one soul came out—a lad who had come to this country, and he cried; "Oh! Lord, the devil is in my heart, turn him out." The Lord did turn him out and entered in Himself and was enthroned. Yesterday grand meetings 2 were out for the blessing of a clean heart. God is working in our midst. Glory to His name. Capt. Spackman.

PALMERSTON.

MORE GOOD THINGS FROM PALMERSTON. We arrived here rather late on the 7th. The first thing we heard as we got off the cars was the beating of the big drum, soldiers singing and going in with all their hearts to wake up the sinner. It did not take us long to find out we had got among a warm-hearted lot of people. The last two weeks we have to praise God for victory. One poor outcast of society came into our holiness meeting on the Sunday morning, and when we spoke of the power of God to save as well as to keep, he rushed up to the front, and said I have served the devil long enough. He came drunk but as soon as he began to cry for mercy he was sober; he was followed by another and another. We found it was no use going on with the testimonies, so we turned into a prayer meeting. The poor man told us after how that he had been brought up by godly parents, his father was a minister, but how he wandered away from home and forgot all he had been taught. Last week another poor drunkard came to the barracks a poor deplorable looking object; God gave him his liberty, and in giving his testimony he said: "Friends, I could stand it no longer, I felt I had sinned against God long enough. People tell me he is one of the greatest drunkards in Palmerston. On Sunday morning a poor woman came to once drill and felt her need of Jesus, and like the woman of old she touched the hem of his garments and was made whole, we finished the day with three precious souls. Hallelujah! we are going to win.

Capt. Beckie Holtham.

GODERICH—Capt. Zimmerman and wife. We of the 90th corps thank God for His blessing of late, two have entered into the sanctified state, and more are close to the rant veil, also two precious souls have sought and found pardon. Glory to His name, He is blessing us in our own souls.

WINGHAM.—Capt. M. Coburn.—Glory to God, we are still marching along. After being at Palmerston to hear our dear General, we came back with a stronger determination to fight for God and to live, fight and die in the ranks of the Salvation army. We had a good meeting Saturday night and we felt that some one ought to have been saved but none yielded. Sunday morning knee drill grand, holiness meeting the windows of heaven were opened, and as we sang,

"Oh! speak as before Thou I pray."

The fire from heaven came upon us and each of us got down nearer to God, and after the meeting was closed one brother came out and said he wanted salvation; down we got on our knees and while we were praying God to save him, out came another and God saved them both. Afternoon meeting good, and as one after the other testified to God's saving and keeping power, we could see that God was at work in the hearts of the people. Night meeting indescribable, and as we went into the prayer meeting one dear sister came forward, we kept on praying and believing that some one else would come and we were not disappointed, for while we were singing,

"Whosoever cometh need not delay,"

A brave brother came and knelt down and gave his heart to God, and we closed the meeting praising God for four precious souls, and giving him all the glory.

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK.

As we were around visiting this past week we came across a man who has been laid up for some time, on enquiring about his soul he told us very earnestly he at one time thought he was a christian like the young man we read of in the Bible paying all his debts, helping the poor, &c., but says he found out through reading the WAR CRY that it is not by good works we are to inherit eternal life but must have a change of heart. We prayed with him, he wept. The next night two of our comrades visited him, found him willing to get saved; they prayed with him, and Glory to the Lamb their prayer was heard; God spoke peace to his heart. Nine for the week, nearly all volunteers. All Glory to God.

Capt. J. Langtry.

BERLIN.

YOU SHALL REAP IF YOU FAINT NOT. Glory be to God we are proving that blessed promise. Those that put their trust in God shall never be confounded. Some people told us it was no use trying to do anything in Berlin. We told them we could not but God can. And Glory to His name we can rejoice over six precious souls coming to Jesus this past week. On Tuesday as we held our open air meeting and gave the invitation, one volunteered out and Jesus took her in. On Friday night one more came and went away rejoicing. Our meetings on Tuesday were well attended, we went forth sure of victory in the morning; God blessed our waiting souls, and in the afternoon the Lord came and His presence seemed to fill the place, many wept and some left the building under deep conviction. And as we sang "Brothers don't stay away," one man volunteered out whom the Lord has been striving with ever since we came, and soon his daughter came and they both rejoiced together and are determined to fight for Jesus. Another came and the angels rejoiced over three prodigals returning home. At night many trembled as the words of warning were spoken and one more wearied of the way of sin sought forgiveness. Glory to God more to follow.

Capt. Matthews.

AYR.

We can this week again shout victory. We can truly say God is working here. We are having grand meetings, good order and precious souls for our hire. Thursday night one poor sin sick soul cried Lord, what must I do to find thee, and thank God before he rose from his knees the light of Heaven streamed into his soul. Hallelujah.

Capt. Torrence.

HESPELER.

We have had a blessed week. We can report good meetings; the Holy Ghost has been one amongst us. Soldiers rising into the higher atmosphere of the Divine Spirit. God is also getting hold of the ungodly. Deep conviction is to be seen on their faces; they look so miserable. Our prayer is Lord break their hearts. One backslider returned to her father's fold. Glory to God.

Lieut. Savage.

GALT.

We had a grand day Sunday. God was with us from the first note sung at 7 a. m. Holiness meeting was a cleansing time, two backsliders in afternoon meeting and one soul and two backsliders at night, making one soul, four backsliders. Hallelujah.

Captain Watson.

GUELPH.

We can praise God this morning because He is still leading us. Bless His name, and after a good day's fighting yesterday, we can look back and thank God for four precious souls who came and laid their all at the feet of Jesus who let the blood cleanse away all that belonged to the devil from their hearts and praise God they went home rejoicing in Jesus Christ. They are not the only ones since we last reported; other blood bought souls have been redeemed by giving up all to follow our blessed Saviour who is able to cleanse the worst of sinners. Glory to His name there are many more on the point of giving up and our prayer is Lord hasten the time when every soul in Guelph shall be free in Christ Jesus. Amen.

Capt. Hackett.

FERGUS.

BELIEVING AND RECEIVING. We can thank God this morning for one week nearer home and another week's hard, hard fighting though we can't report souls getting saved. We can truly say we've got the victory in our own souls and this last week both Cadet and I were in trouble for fear we wouldn't get our rent; we got down and and prayed that God would open up some person's heart to help us and Glory to His name He did open up a gentleman's heart to the street and he gave five dollars. Prayer and faith is bound to win.

Capt. Call.

BELMONT.

This morning finds us well saved. Arrived in this little place on Friday believing God is going to give us the victory, although there is not any soldiers here yet as it has not been open long. But God is just the same God in Belmont as anywhere else, Jesus lifted draws the crowd. Saturday and Monday the meetings were well attended and people felt the need of a Saviour, and God is going to save them. Hallelujah.

Lieut. Ponder.

CONESTOGO.

"Our object is to rescue souls,
A mighty undertaking."

To pull the devil's kingdom down,
Already it is shaking.

It must fall. Although results are not visible, yet we feel certain that victory is close at hand. Last night at

WINTERBOURNE

was the best meeting we have had there yet. As we used the Gospel Gun, letting our Heavenly Captain guide us we felt that the shots were taking effect, and believe that some were fatally wounded. Lord kill them outright, that they may rise to newness of life in Christ.

Capt. McDowell.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

ST. JOHNS.

WEAK THINGS WINNING. A correspondent writes: "The Army is doing a noble work here, by the help of God breaking down some very stubborn hearts and winning drunkards, swearers, and moral sinners for God's kingdom, although some professedly Christian people, and even ministers, give them the cold shoulder. This spirit of determination and patience under persecution and trial evinced by the officers, has won the hearts of the people, and as with one of old the common people hear them gladly, and many are being won to Christ.

CARBONEAR.

HALLELUJAH FISHERMEN. Glory be to God, we are still on the warpath, routing the devil and capturing his followers. We are glad to report that our hallelujah fishermen are returning home once more, although being absent from us all summer we were united in spirit. But now we can sing them a welcome home from the bottom of our hearts. When on the Labrador coast they found the devil to be the same old deceiver as rouns the town of Carbonear. But they also found Jesus to be a rock in a weary land. While toiling hard at the herring fisheries they did not forget the healing in of the gospel net, which was crowned with success. Glory be to God. We thank God to-day that we know He is no respector of persons. He can make fishers of men just the same as in olden time. Although despised and looked down upon by half-hearted professors, thank God we are saved and can lift up Jesus to a dying world with clean hands and without kid gloves. Meanwhile we give God the glory for victory in the past two weeks, closing with six prisoners for our King and two prodigals, who, weary of their wandering, returned home and sought and found pardon. Glory be to God forever.

Lieut. Hear.

KINGSTON

A Saturday, and Sunday at NAPANEE.

As I had heard that there was to be some special meetings held on Saturday and Sunday, and having a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I made up my mind I would attend all of these meetings and see if there was a blessing for me among these people. As I came near the hall, they were singing "Bless our Army," and even then I felt God was in the midst of Israel. After they had been out in the street for a march they started with the meeting. The hall was well filled with people, and they helped to sing those Salvation songs just as if they knew them by heart. I cannot tell you all that happened during the meeting, but from the time they first knelt down to pray I felt God's glory filled the place. I remember one thing they said, that was everyone could go home to their free breakfast next morning at 7 a. m. and I said to myself, "Well, I for one will be there if I have to stop up all night," and 7 a.m. sharp on time found me on the ground where I expected to have some food for my soul. About forty others had put in an appearance, some were very old soldiers, and others were